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ART. I.—*Literary Papers by the late Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S. Selected from his Writings in the Literary Gazette.* London: Reeve. 1855.

EDWARD FORBES was born on the 12th of February, 1815, at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where his father carried on business as a banker. At an early age he exhibited a passion for the study of natural history, and began to collect specimens and form a museum. When about twelve years old he obtained a few books upon geology and palæontology; among which were Conybeare's 'Geology of England,' and Parkinson's 'Organic Remains,' the two works to which nearly all the geologists of twenty years standing are indebted for the love they bear to their science, and the zeal with which they have pursued it. When about sixteen years of age he came to London, probably with the intention of becoming by profession an artist, and for some months studied drawing under Sass. But although he greatly excelled in the use of the pencil, and possessed the taste and feeling which, to a man of his untiring industry, would have secured success, his love of natural history was stronger than his love of art, and to the study of that science he resolved to devote his life. But the instruction he had received in drawing was not lost, as the beautiful illustrations of his books and lectures sufficiently attest.

Soon after he had left London, Edward Forbes entered the University of Edinburgh as a medical student, and was among the most assiduous and successful of his class and year; but, although he attended lectures, and studied with regularity, his

pursuits were made subservient to the prime object of his life—the study of natural history. Even at this period he was known, both to the professors and students, to have an intimate acquaintance with the mollusca and radiata, a circumstance which accounts for that profound knowledge of the lower classes of animal life, which not only distinguished him when a man among naturalists, but enabled him to pursue those researches, and grasp those generalizations, which will secure him in the future records of science a permanent place among the most eminent observers and interpreters of nature. Without this early devotion of his energies to his future pursuits, his natural power of observation and educated capacity of detecting generic distinctions and minute differences would have been expended with less advantage to science and less honour to himself. So great is the necessity for the faithful employment of early life, in laying a safe foundation for the exercise of the judgment and taste of mature age.

In 1833 he was joined by a fellow student for a tour in Norway, where he made a large collection of plants and mollusca, and commenced his investigation of the distribution of animal life in the Northern Seas. The results of this journey he published in the 'Magazine of Natural History,' under the title 'Notes of a Natural History Tour in Norway.' In 1836 he succeeded, with the assistance of a few friends, all of whom are now more or less known as men of science, in establishing at Edinburgh the Botanical Society, in which he held the office of foreign secretary. To this society he communicated many of his early papers, and greatly aided in the formation of a public herbarium, by a presentation of his own collections and those he obtained from his friends. In 1837 he visited Paris, to continue his studies under the eminent French naturalists who then taught in that city; and in the same year visited the Mediterranean and coast of Algiers, the results of which journey were briefly recorded in his paper 'On the Land and Fresh Water Mollusca of Algiers and Bougia.'

From this period to the year 1841 our author was actively engaged as an observer, gathering information from all sources, and frequently visiting foreign countries; sometimes to test the truth of preconceived hypotheses, and sometimes to enlarge his acquaintance with the distribution of animal and vegetable life. How usefully this period of time was employed his numerous published papers attest, but especially his admirable 'History of British Star Fishes, and other Animals of the Class Echinodermata,' a book which is scarcely less admirable for its graphic illustrations than for the minute accuracy of the information it contains, its vivid descriptions and pleasing style.

In 1841 he accepted the appointment of naturalist to the surveying party in the 'Beacon,' under the command of Captain Graves, who was commissioned to bring from Lycia the marbles discovered by Sir Charles Fellowes. With an energy quite his own he adopted that system of dredging which he had been the first to propose as the serious business of the naturalist, and availed himself of every opportunity for collecting specimens of the fauna and flora of the waters of the *Ægean* and the coasts of Asia Minor. How he was employed with Mr. Daniell and Lieutenant Spratt in the examination of the coast and inland of Lycia,—an enterprise which was rewarded by the discovery of eighteen ancient cities—the well known record of that excursion by Spratt and Forbes has already informed our readers. By the use of the dredge in the *Ægean*, Forbes elicited that law of subaqueous life, announced to the British Association in 1843, in his report on the mollusca and radiata of those waters. But rich as the expedition was in natural history results, it was fatal to the life of Mr. Daniell, who died of fever, induced by malaria; and Forbes himself 'was taken ill on the way from Rhodes to Syra, and remained for thirteen days together without tasting food, and without medicine or medical advice.' From this severe illness he slowly recovered; but to the seeds of disease then deeply sown in his body, we may, probably, trace his early removal from amongst us, and that at a moment when his sphere of usefulness had been widened, and his influence upon the progress of science was daily increasing.

The important fact which he announced to the British Association, as the result of his researches with the dredge in the *Ægean*, was, that among marine animals, zones of depth correspond to parallels of latitude. Boreal forms of marine life may therefore exist in southern latitudes at great depths, just as Alpine plants flourish on mountains at great elevations. The distribution of marine life must consequently be considered in reference to temperature and not to climate. The importance of the application of this law to geological inquiries is evident. As the imbedded organic remains in any mineral deposit are received in evidence of the circumstances under which the rock was produced, a knowledge of the conditions of life to which marine animals are subject is essential to a correct application of the evidence those remains can give. Forbes himself, in a subsequent paper on the northern drift, gives an admirable example of the mode in which this fact should be employed in estimating the origin of a deposit from a study of its fossils. After stating that the testacea found in the beds of the glacial epoch are, with some exceptions, still represented by living animals in British and more northern seas; and that the deficiency of the

fossils, both in species and individuals, when compared with the epoch of the crag, or the existing marine fauna, indicate a colder temperature than that which now prevails on the same area, he hesitates to draw the conclusion—which in less cautious or less informed minds would be thought unavoidable—that the climate was then much more severe than it is now. Having regard to the law he had announced, he felt the necessity of proving that the temperature thus indicated was due to climate, and not to the depth of the medium in which these animals lived, before he could pronounce an opinion, and say that the evidences of palæontology supported the conclusions of geology. How he arrived at this will be best told in his own words.

‘Fortunately,’ he says, ‘among the species enumerated, are several which ought to afford us a certain clue to this matter. Such are the *Littorinæ*, the *Purpura*, the *Patella*, and the *Lacunæ*, genera and species definitely indicating not merely shallow water, but in the first three cases a coast line. Were these shells only found among the disturbed and amorphous beds of drift, they would scarcely serve as evidence on so nice a point, since they might have been transported, but they occur also in the undisturbed fossiliferous clays of this formation, associated with bivalve and other mollusca of delicate conformation, and in a state which certainly indicates that they lived and died on the spot where now they are found. This is especially the case among the Clyde deposits. A most important fact too, is, that among the species of *Littorina*, a genus, all the forms of which live only at water-mark, or between tides, is the *Littorina expansa*, one of the forms now extinct in the British but still surviving in the Arctic Seas.’—‘Memoirs of the Geological Survey,’ vol. i. p. 370.

Edward Forbes was not one of those who delight in the discovery of abstract truths, and leave them to perish for the want of nurture and usefulness. As soon as he had assured himself of the universality of this law, he submitted all his researches and conjectures to it, and rejected every hypothesis in which its authority was not fully recognised. This may be observed in all his subsequent writings. But we must return to the brief biographical sketch we had commenced.

During the absence of our naturalist in the *Ægean*, the professorship of botany in King’s College became vacant by the death of Professor Don. The claims of Edward Forbes as a naturalist, a teacher, and a man, to the vacant chair were presented to the council of that university by his friends, among whom was Dr. Goodsir, the professor of anatomy, with whom he occupied the same lodgings when a student at Edinburgh. The claim was allowed, and the appointment was made in sufficient time to prevent his visit to Egypt, and a dredging excursion in the Red Sea, upon which he had resolved. In May, 1834, he delivered

his inaugural lecture at King's College to a class who soon learned, as all intelligent persons did who were admitted to familiar intercourse, to honour and love him. In the same year he was elected assistant secretary to the Geological Society of London, a post of great honour, but one of the most laborious a man of science can accept. This situation he retained until he was appointed palæontologist to the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and fulfilled its duties with the highest honour to himself and advantage to the Society; and that, too, as the successor of Mr. Lonsdale, one of the most unwearying and best informed palæontologists of the age, to whom every geologist has been more or less indebted. But although his official labours were so heavy, the productions of his pen and pencil were numerous, all stamped with that originality of thought and breadth of handling of which his early labours had given promise. Among the papers which he produced at this time, we may mention, as especially deserving notice, his memoir 'On the Geological Relations of the Existing Fauna and Flora of the British Isles,' to which we shall presently refer. We need not tell how efficiently he held the office of president of the Geological Society, or allude to the masterly summary of the state of geology which he gave to the Society from the president's chair, at the anniversary meeting in February 1854. These are fresh in the memory of every geologist who had an opportunity of attending the meetings of the Society, or of reading its proceedings.

Soon after his term of office in the Geological Society had expired, Professor Forbes was elected to the chair of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, which had become vacant by the lamented death of Dr. Jameson. In the meridian of manhood he thus obtained the highest object of his ambition. By the force of his genius and industry he had achieved many conquests for science and much honour for himself; he had been received by the most eminent naturalists and geologists as one fitted to continue their labours, and to sustain the reputation of their names; he had been crowned with the highest distinctions science can bestow. He was now reunited to many of his earliest friends; took his seat again as a resident member at the Botanical Society, in the formation of which he had been so active; and became a teacher and an authority where, not twenty years before, he had been a pupil. Welcomed on all sides by attached friends and admiring scholars, a wide sphere of usefulness seemed to be opened to him, and his heart might well congratulate his intellect that the time had come when the desires of each could be satisfied without privation to the other. But he had also come nearly to the end of the race he had to run. He

had resolved to do much for the extension of natural-history science. He hoped to make the University of Edinburgh one of the most eminent schools of Europe, and its museum one of the most important. He saw around him a group of young men, to all of whom he offered the hand of friendship, who were imbibing from his lips that love of science and scientific labour which had made his name so famous. They heard him with attention in the theatre, they sought him in the museum, they followed him in his periodical excursions. He needed no other hope for the accomplishment of his high and honourable designs but health and life—they were denied him.

At the last meeting of the British Association, held at Liverpool, Professor Edward Forbes occupied the chair of the geological section, and after a short excursion returned to Edinburgh to resume his college duties. On the 1st of November he commenced his second course of lectures, in ill health, suffering from cold and low fever. For a few days he continued to labour and suffer, but the febrile symptoms increased, and he was compelled to discontinue his lectures. On the 18th of the same month he died, and we may well mourn; for we have lost a star of the first magnitude from the hemisphere of science; one who was a guide to the inquiring, a censor to the slothful; and his disappearance at a moment when he shone most brightly has for a time dimmed the light of kindred flames.

Having briefly stated the principal events in the life of Edward Forbes, and the means by which he reached that honourable distinction with which his name will be united in this and many succeeding ages in the history of natural science, we will take a brief review of some of the opinions he held and supported, and select one example of the mode in which he entered upon a scientific inquiry.

The papers collected from the pages of the 'Literary Gazette,' re-published and edited by the proprietor of that journal, are full of interest, for they give, in popular phraseology, and in a light, graceful style, the opinions of the great naturalist upon subjects which could scarcely find a place in scientific memoirs and formal reports. The volume consists of numerous reviews of books upon geography, natural history, and geology. These reviews Mr. Reeve has classed under general designations, and the reader may, on first opening the book, be deceived into the supposition that each division or chapter is an essay upon the subject announced at the beginning. The publisher will no doubt reap a publisher's reward in this reprint, but we protest, as all the friends of Professor Forbes will do, against this hasty collection of his fugitive writings in a form they were never intended to take, almost before a suitable literary memorial could be decided. The book

contains many admirable criticisms, and some allusions to the discoveries which will give the author posthumous fame. There are passages of great beauty in thought and expression, and many suggestions of moment; nor are these anonymous productions wanting in that spirit of truthfulness, kindness, affection, and playfulness, which distinguished Edward Forbes as a companion and teacher. We can find nothing to offend, and there is much to please and instruct; yet while we recommend the book as one which may be useful to the young in forming the taste, and in cultivating a love of natural science, we are bound to say that it does not place this distinguished man, admirable in literature and in science, in that position which his genius demands, and his friends anticipate. From its pages, however, we may collect his opinions upon many subjects connected with the sciences he studied, and draw from them many inducements to the adoption of similar pursuits.

It has been sometimes said, and ignorant people pretend to believe it, that intellectual improvement of a high order makes a man retiring and unsocial. Our author answers that charge:—

‘There is no greater or more prevalent mistake than the supposition that the intellectual development is inconsistent with a keen sense of enjoyment. There are, it is true, a considerable number of grave, dull, would-be sages, moving at a snail’s pace, with a snail’s gravity, through society—looking, as Oken says in his transcendental philosophy, like so many prophesying goddesses seated on tripods. But nine out of ten of them maintain a philosophic fame only on the credit of an ominous and unbroken silence; the tenth on the strength of supporting some incomprehensible paradox, which neither he nor the stupid people who listen to him comprehend. Your real philosopher is neither uncommunicative nor dogmatic; he utters his words of wisdom at the right time and place, but on ordinary occasions is like other men, and enjoys himself, perhaps even more intensely, when enjoyment is afloat. Davy was one of these, as every man of genius is, and has been. Hence the unaffected enthusiasm with which Sir Humphrey plunged into stream and pool, and pursued his salmon fishing hobby all over Europe. And whilst the zest for pleasure humanizes the philosopher, his science and taste in turn elevates his pleasures. The objects of his sport become to him a source of interest, such as they cannot be to common men. In their forms he delights to trace all-wise contrivance, and in their instincts the guidance of superhuman wisdom. He follows them to their haunts, marking every charm of the landscape on his way, and every turn and varying chance of his sport suggests reflections on men and things—fanciful analogies, it may be, but not the less true—such as give eloquence to his tale of adventure, and render the records of his amusements as classical as these ‘Conversations of Fly Fishing’ by Davy.’—pp. 291, 292.

The following passage is a good example of the pleasing manner

in which Edward Forbes delighted to entice men into the pursuit of science for the true enjoyment of nature:—

‘Were the famous wishing carpet of the ‘Arabian Nights’ either purchasable or let out for hire, we could not resist the temptation of taking a fly to the West Indies, and alighting among the mountains of Jamaica. We would go there when the yellow fever was out of season, and by a careful study of Colonel Reid’s law of storms select the interval between two hurricanes for our visit. How delightful to rise out of the semi-solid atmosphere of London and find ourselves suddenly under the cloudless heavens of the tropics. Doubtless the sun is very hot, but then we would choose the cool evening for our flight, and so avoid inconvenience. Seated under a palm-tree, with an arborescent fern in the foreground, and a grove of cocoa nuts in the distance, we would pass a few hours of intense exotic enjoyment. All manners of curious creatures would congregate around us—strange birds with bright feathers; agile lizards, changing colour every moment; beetles, with prodigious horns, and wasps with awful stings; snails, with no ends to their shells; and, at a safe distance, boa constrictors of terrific dimensions. And yet how confused and uninformative our pleasure would be amid all these wonders if we were ignorant of natural history. Unable to observe correctly, incapable of judging of the meaning of the curious organisms about us, we should soon begin to regret our neglect of the most fascinating of the sciences, and find ourselves in the condition of ninety-nine out of a hundred travellers through foreign parts. The charms of a residence in a foreign land are increased tenfold if the traveller be a zoologist or botanist. However dull a country may seem, however uninteresting its human population, the creatures that live on its surface or swarm amid the waves that wash its shores afford a constant and inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction. The naturalist is at home everywhere, and finds a museum where the ordinary voyager finds nothing but a waste. In the polar regions he is intensely happy, but in the tropics he is in paradise itself. No district is so poor and barren but that it has treasures for him, and none so rich but that all its gold would fail to prevent his rushing after a new butterfly, or climbing the rocks after a new flower. It is a curious fact that several able botanists explored and resided in the gold region of California, aware of the indications of the precious metal, before the rush to the diggings, but were too absorbed in the delights of their own peculiar pursuits to think of grubbing for lucre.’—pp. 278-280.

This abandonment of the mind to a pursuit which has not money-getting for its end is incomprehensible to the great mass of mankind. The boy who neglects his books to draw diagrams, construct clocks, and make telescopes; or he who loses his sachel on his way from school while collecting flowers and hunting for fossils, will have the cane: and in the opinion of fathers and teachers not a few, it should be wielded with more firmness than mercy. But what in the opinion of the world should be the

punishment of a man who, in his enthusiasm for science, braves the extremes of temperature, lives in forests inhabited by beasts of prey and venomous snakes, and visits the most uncivilized of human kind to observe their habits, learn their traditions, and investigate the geology or natural history of the country they occupy, without a thought of gaining money, or a single commercial idea in his mind. Mr. Fortune would have needed no apologist had he failed in his attempt when he entered the interior of China, by the desire of the East India Company, to study the manufacture of tea, and obtain plants—of which he fortunately secured twenty thousand—to be sent for cultivation on the slopes of Himalaya. But who would have undertaken his defence if his commercial enterprise had failed, by a discovery of his incognito, from his enthusiastic ardour to get a nearer view of a new cypress, and obtain a few seeds for the nurserymen in Europe? And yet such might have been the result if a second thought had not suggested that to scale an innkeeper's wall for such a purpose would be an indecorous proceeding for a Chinaman.

The hypothesis of the development of organization in succession of time, so speciously stated upon assumptions falsely called geological facts, by the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' was vigorously opposed by Professor Forbes in that kindly spirit which aims at the correction of an error rather than the award of punishment for a fault. It is an hypothesis unsustained by a single fact in palæontology, and rests entirely upon an imaginary progression of organization in the succession of fossil-bearing rocks. The subject is now almost worn out, but there may be some curiosity to know what so eminent a naturalist said respecting it. The assumption upon which the hypothesis is built is thus stated by the author of the 'Vestiges,' who is supposed to be Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh :—

'It is clear, and can now be asserted on the authority of the first naturalists of the age, that in all the conspicuous orders of animals, there have been in the progress of time strong appearances of a progress of forms from the more simple to the more complex, from the more general to the more special, the highest and most typical forms being always attained last. It cannot be pretended in *all cases* that we have an unbroken and perfect series, exhibiting these gradations, for the stone book is one wanting many leaves; but in the orders that have been best preserved there is such a well-marked succession leading on from one degree of organization to another, that the general fact of a progress in all the orders is not to be doubted.'—'Vestiges,' p. 140.

Now 'the first naturalists of the age' do not admit that there has been an increasing perfection of organization as the result of

the progress of time ; they deny the assertion, and thus reduce the Vestigian to the disreputable position of being called on to prove his assertions.

‘The speculator in development,’ says Professor Forbes, ‘was not content to misinterpret, he misrepresented (probably unconsciously) the facts upon which he founded his theory, or knew them so imperfectly as to forget to mention the most important. Professor Sedgwick’s searching examination of such mis-statements cannot fail to expose the fallacies of the work he reviews, and must do good service, especially among students, by preventing their reception of mistakes for facts. This is conspicuously the case with that part of the inquiry which deals with the first appearance of organized beings. If the theory of progressive development in the Lamarckian sense be good for anything, the earliest creatures of which we find traces should be the simplest and lowest forms, not only of their tribes but of all creatures. To the practical geologist it is needless to say that such is not the case ; but so positively and frequently has the statement to the contrary been put forward, that strong and repeated denials, and an appeal to facts over and over again, are necessary to convince numerous able men, many of them men of science, who are not practically conversant with geological researches. Yet no fact is more certain than that the remains of the oldest animals yet discovered do *not* belong to the most rudimentary forms. Instead of Sponges, hydroid Zoophytes, Bryozoa, and Foramanifera, the simplest types which, under the conditions indicated by the strata, could be expected to occur in the most ancient Palæozoic deposits, we find asteroid and helianthoid Zoophytes, Cephalopods (the highest of Mollusca), Brachiopods, and Trilobites. No person, whose acquaintance with zoology is sufficient to enable him to estimate the position in the animal series of a Cuttle-fish or a Crustacean, can for a moment hold the notion that the Palæozoic fauna was rudimentary, if he possesses any familiarity with the fossils of the Silurian system. Every day we are learning more and more to recognise the common-sense view, that the appearance of genera and species in time has been, from the beginning to the present, determined simply by the physical conditions adapted to them. The Creator, willing that there should be no great epoch of desolation, has called into being species after species, organizing each for the circumstances amidst which it was destined to live.’—pp. 14-16.

An hypothesis which assumes that every variety of organization has its origin in one that is a grade lower, and after its appeals to geology for the support of its assertion is found by the very evidence given under its subpœna to be false, can have no favour from honest minds. It is a vain, half-witted, foolish imagination ; or, still worse, a sham and imposture. It assumes that the forms of life are progressive, and it lacks a beginning. Where it desires to find rudimentary forms, rocks yield the relics of an organization of a high character. Nor is this all. To prove its claim upon our credence it should show an uninterrupted pro-

gression from the palæozoic epoch to the historic age. But instead of this, we find that the 'Stone Book' has many chapters, and between each the Vestigian commentator assumes a leaf to be lost, and supplies it by vague fancies. That man has read carelessly, or not turned over the leaves at all, who has not learned that at periods in the world's history there has been substitution of genera, sometimes, we admit, from the lower to the higher; but very frequently from the higher to the lower. 'Now that we have learned the true affinities that exist between the Bryozoa,'—formerly classed with the Zoophytes, now with the Mollusca,—'and the Brachiopoda,' says Professor Forbes in his anniversary address to the Geological Society, 'we can see in these instances the zoological replacement of a higher by a lower group, while in the former view, equally true, of the replacement of the Brachiopoda by the Lamellibranchiata, a higher group is substituted for a lower one.' We may perhaps be told that the Trilobites found by Barrande in the lowest fossiliferous beds of the Silurians, in Bohemia, belong to rudimentary types, but how does the development hypothesis account for their existence in any form in a deposit called primordial, and containing the first evidence of organized being? But even taking these rudimentary forms of Trilobites as we find them in the lowest fossiliferous bed, it can scarcely be said by the Vestigians themselves that development did anything to raise the standard of organization in this class of animals; for, as far as geological evidence can guide us, they were destroyed by the effects of igneous eruption, or a change of sea level produced by volcanic agency, and a new fauna was substituted. The absurdity of the theory should have been an antidote to the poison that lurks under its fascinating tongue; for we cannot imagine how men with any pretension to intelligence, not to say scientific knowledge, can be even half persuaded 'that they and all mankind are the lineal descendants of mud-worms and monkeys, and this too in spite of the protests of all the living investigators of those several animals anatomically and palæontologically considered.' The publication of the 'Vestiges,' however, will have done some good, as Forbes says, when it has taught naturalists 'that it is full time to give the public the results of their researches, and the conclusion at which they have arrived, in plain, readable, and comprehensible language; and not to keep the philosophy of their science to themselves; for if they do so, others unqualified for the task will impose a sham philosophy on the people, who like to have a reason for their belief, and to be assured of the causes of things.'

The theoretical opinions entertained by Professor Forbes, concerning the distribution of organized beings, were founded upon

the conviction that all species of animals descended from single created progenitors. Admitting this, which to us appears an indispensable conjecture in science, and a fact in revelation, each species, wherever we may now find the individuals, must have been diffused from a specific centre; or, in other words, there must have been some geographical point in which the progenitors were created, and to which all their offspring may be traced. The work of the naturalist in determining these specific centres is similar to that of the ethnologist, when he attempts to tread back the road a race of mankind have traversed to the locality in which their early ancestors dwelt, and from which a portion of their tribe wandered. That this view of the distribution of life in its specific forms is correct admits of no reasonable doubt; for if a fact can be perfectly explained by a single cause, it is evidently false to assume, as a primordial condition, a multiplication of that cause.

Upon this assumption Professor Forbes, as palæontologist to the geological survey, founded those inquiries, the results of which he has stated in his admirable paper 'On the Connexion between the Distribution of the Existing Fauna and Flora of the British Isles, and the Geological Changes which have affected their area, especially during the epoch of the Northern Drift.'

Before any connexion can be traced between geological changes and the introduction into Britain of the existing plants and animals, we must ascertain by what means such an isolated area may have been furnished with its present fauna and flora. There are three modes in which it may have been done, either wholly or in part—by creation within the area, transport to it, or migration before isolation. In one or more of these ways the British Isles must have received the species of animals and plants which now exist on their surface. That it was not by special creation within the area, to any large extent, is probable from the fact that the terrestrial animals and flowering plants, with few exceptions, are identical with continental species. That it was by transport is improbable, for although 'the great mass of cryptogamic plants, a few phanerogamia, and a few terrestrial animals, may have found their way across the separating waters by the agency of currents; or, in the case of the plants, their seeds may have been conveyed by the winds or birds through the air; yet, after making full allowances for all likely means of transport at present in action, there remains a residue of animals and plants which we cannot suppose to have been transported, since either their bodily characters, or certain phenomena presented by their present distribution, prevent our entertaining such an idea.'

Rejecting then the two former possible modes, one as impro-

bable, and the other as insufficient, the British Isles must have been colonized by the animals and plants now existing on their surface advancing from other lands previous to the isolation of our island homes. To determine at what periods these migrations occurred opens a wide field of investigation, for it is not only necessary to ascertain in what other countries our plants and animals are found, but to fix by incontrovertible geological evidence the time when the British Isles were separated from the continent of Europe. These are questions with which Professor Forbes fairly grapples, and, as we think, fairly solves. No better evidence of his genius and profound knowledge of his science, and the great loss we have had in losing him, can be given than in an abstract of his research and reasoning upon this subject. But as we are compelled by the limitation of pages to confine our remarks the first part of the essay, we recommend the memoir itself to the study of the reader, as a process of inductive thought, to which the geologist may refer as an answer to every taunt which charges him with the folly of guessing at conclusions, and being governed by his imagination.

The majority of British plants, those which are widely distributed, and, *par excellence*, form the flora of the country, are also found in Central and Western Europe, and are by Forbes designated Germanic. 'Every plant universally distributed in these islands is Germanic; every quadruped common in England, and not ranging to Ireland or Scotland. The great mass of our pulmoniferous mollusca have also come from the same quarter.'

There are, however, certain local floras which may be divided into four classes:—1. A small number of plants found in mountainous districts on the west and south-west of Ireland, natives of the north of Spain; 2. A flora found in the south-west of England, and south-east of Ireland, identified, in relation at least, with that of the Channel Islands, and the neighbouring provinces of France; 3. The chalk plants; so called from their being found on the cretaceous rocks of the south-eastern part of England and on the opposite coast of France on the same geological formation; 4. The Alpine or mountain flora. To study the plants of this last division we must visit the loftiest peaks in Scotland. The mountains of Cumberland and Wales do not support many of the species which are found in the Highlands; but with one exception (*Lloydia scrotina*) all that can be found in other lofty districts of the British Isles are native there. And it is also worthy of remark, that while Scotland owns many Alpine species which do not grow on ridges of more southern latitude, the Scandinavian Alps support all the mountain plants of the Highlands, with many peculiarly their own.

According to the hypothesis which has been assumed, all

these floras have been introduced upon British soil by colonization from specific centres. The assistance of geology is now required to fix the period when there was a continuity of land between the isles of Britain and the continent, for it is only under that physical condition the migrations were possible.

There is a notion, often held without a reason, common enough among Englishmen to be called universal, that in some far distant bygone age the southern coast of England was connected by dry land with the northern shores of France. Many an intelligent though uninstructed man, geologically speaking, has said to himself, when looking at the white shores of Calais from the chalk cliffs of Dover, 'It is very strange that the chalk of England should spread itself into France under the deep sea that rolls and roars between them.' And then he has thought of the power of water in scooping out channels, and cutting through gorges, and recalled all the geographical lore of his boyhood, that he might guess from whence that great flood of water came which swept out the channel which is now the Strait of Dover.

A time there was, if the data or deductions of geology are not false, when the British Isles did form a part of the continent of Europe. Immediately preceding the establishment of that condition of the earth which has resulted in the present division of land and water, and the establishment of the present climatal arrangements, there was an age of frost and ice, known among geologists as the glacial period. Memorials of this age are left to us in ancient moraines, grooved rocks, transported boulders, accumulations of debris, and the remains of animals which lived in an arctic temperature. During this epoch, the present boundary lines of the British islands had no existence; the ocean covered the area which the northern half of England and all Scotland now fills, except here and there an isolated peak or lofty range, with head and shoulders wrapped in glaciers. The Malverns and Cottiswold hills were at this time washed by ocean waves, and those districts which now form the highest lands of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland stood as islands above the bleak, cold, and often ice-bound sea.

The mountain plants already mentioned, which have their types in Scandinavia, are, according to Professor Forbes, the descendants of the flora of this glacial age. They then flourished even to the water's edge. But this arctic clime was not destined to permanence. The time came when the bed of the glacial ocean was elevated, and the island peaks studding the icy seas were raised into mountains. The climate was changed at the same period, and the arctic plants which had flourished during short summers upon the shores, were confined by their frost-loving habits to the mountain summits where elevation con-

tinued the temperature which no longer prevailed on the low lands. By this elevation of the bed of the ocean the lands of Britain and the continent were united, and the colonization of the former with its present flora and fauna was made possible. This happened, according to the hypothesis in the postpliocene era, when the *cervus megaceros* wandered over the land, and the Germanic region supplied us with all the universally distributed animals and plants of England.

But we have still to account for the three other sub-floras, as they are sufficiently remarkable to demand a specific explanation of their origin. We can do no more, however, than briefly record the conclusions of our author, without proof or comment. The chalk flora, he says, 'was evidently derived from the north-western provinces of France, and as no geologist doubts the ancient union of the two sides of the Channel, the course it pursued in migrating to England is sufficiently obvious. The epoch of the formation of the Strait of Dover would mark the period of its isolation, and if that breach of continuity was effected before the destruction of the great Germanic plain, as is probable, we may regard the Kentish flora as very ancient.' Still more ancient, however, was that which characterizes the counties of Cornwall and Devon, and the south-east of Ireland. 'This flora, a relic of a larger, is undoubtedly a part of that which we find in the Channel Isles and in the adjacent provinces of France. When we look to the geological features of the districts occupied by the Devon or Norman flora, we see that its course is marked by a great barrier, the destruction of which probably took place anterior to that of the formation of the higher and narrower parts of the Channel. It marks, too, the course of the southern bound of the glacial sea.' The hypothesis Professor Forbes offers to account for the flora of the south-west and west of Ireland is, 'that at an ancient period, an epoch anterior to that of any of the floras we have already considered, there was a geological union, or close approximation, of the west of Ireland with the north of Spain; that the flora of the intermediate land was a continuation of the flora of the peninsula; that the northernmost bound of that flora was probably in the line of the western region of Ireland; that the destruction of the intermediate land had taken place before the glacial period; and that during the last-named period, climatal changes destroyed the mass of this southern flora remaining in Ireland, the survivors being such species as were most hardy, saxifrages, heaths, such plants as *Arabis ciliata* and *Pinguicula grandiflora*, which are now the only relics of the most ancient of our island floras.'

In the succeeding part of the essay the author states, and enforces by an accumulation of facts, the principles which should

guide the geologist in estimating the conditions under which the glacial beds were formed. If any of our readers should be under the delusion that the geologist is but a wild adventurer in science, amusing himself with theories, and imposing upon the credulity of weak minds a belief in his baseless conjectures, let him studiously read this paper. If there be any value in that investigation which a naturalist gives to created being, or in his combination of the facts obtained by others; if there be any dependence upon the mental process of induction for the evolution of scientific truth, the reader must confess, when he understands this paper, that scepticism in geology, if held against such evidences of reason and caution, is folly; and that the imposing structure raised by the geologist from the debris of successive ages of the ancient earth cannot be overturned without denying the competence, in such matters, of human reason, and undermining the foundation of human knowledge.

ART. II.—*The Englishwoman in Russia; Impressions of the Society and Manners of the Russians at Home.* By a Lady, ten years resident in that country. London: John Murray.

2. *Russian Life in the Interior; or, the Experiences of a Sportsman.* By Ivan Tourguenieff, of Moscow. Edited by James D. Meiklejohn. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

IF the first-mentioned book may not be compared with the more profound and philosophical works of De Custine and Haxthausen, it deserves a place only after them as an authority on Russia. 'The Englishwoman' had ampler means of observation than her French and German predecessors enjoyed, and if she does not philosophize as they have done, she contributes much more to the raw material of philosophy. Not a page of her fresh original and most instructive book is without its contributions of facts, related with an unaffected impartiality that gives a stamp of truth to the entire narrative.

Truth would have justified a harsher censure than this gentlewoman has passed on the travelled mob, who have favoured the world with their winters in St. Petersburg or journeys to Moscow, and glowing notes on the high polish system of Russian civilization; for she is not of those rattle-paced or pated Russomaniacs, who take their six weeks trip to St. Petersburg, their run on to Moscow, return just in time for the boat, and steam westward

home again, brimful of ignorance, and admiration, and conceit. Neither had she kept herself to herself, as we enlightened Britons are prone to do in our sets, and coteries, and exclusiveness; but for ten long years she lived not in Russia merely, but with the Russians. From Archangel, where she first stepped on Muscovite soil, this intelligent lady journeyed frequently, and far, through endless wastes and solitudes, and not less silent cities, into the very heart of the empire, living in friendly and familiar intercourse with all kinds of native society, from the prince to the peasant; one day lost amidst the barbaric magnificence of an imperial fête, the next far away at a rustic merry-making, finding new traces of humanity even in the sorrowful life of the Russian serf. Ten years, and a few thousand miles over cross-country roads, rather took the gilding off pre-conceived notions of Muscovite civilization. 'In fact,' says the lady, 'the excessive exterior polish always reminded me of a woman with her face painted, who hopes by factitious bloom on her cheeks to hide her ugliness.' Shortly to characterize these latest revelations of Russia, they much more than confirm the worst that has yet been said of the model land of faith and order.

Two small words serve to describe the political and social condition and relations of Russia—Tsarism and Slavery. Two classes only exist in the empire—above, the Tsar; sixty million slaves below. Grandeur than the Grand Monarque, the Tsar is not simply head of state and church, but state and church personified. It was no idle phrase that named Nicholas chief god of Russia, for except the savage Samoïdes, dwelling by the Frozen Sea, who pointed to a God in the skies, the author relates little else than the worship of an earthly idol. The Russians stand infinitely more in fear of the emperor than they do of their Creator; their common saying is, 'The Tsar is near, but God is far off.' By the clergy he is regarded as infallible spiritually as the Roman pope himself by his own followers. This was one of the institutions of Peter the Great to promote the holy mission of Russia, and the late reigning divinity turned it with considerable political skill to his purposes.* Through the priesthood of his church, he taught his people to believe that he was engaged in a religious warfare, and prayers were daily said in the churches against the English heretics. A miracle took place just before the author left St. Petersburg. A priest, in lecturing to the students of a public school, declared gravely that God had vouchsafed in a wonderful manner to show His gracious approbation of the imperial cause by performing a miracle in the sight

* Marriage, according to the Greek church, is indissoluble; but the Tsar can dissolve it any day by sending husband or wife to Siberia.

of men ; a child only three days old had uttered the most cheering prophecies as to the war against the infidels !

The Russian Kalendar is rich in royal saints. Strange inconsistencies of humanity,—they who are most dreaded when living are most revered when dead. Olga, who converted and butchered by turns, has now high honour, as Saint Olga. Alexander Nevsky, a grim representative of the church militant, has a monastery and church to himself at the capital. The author visited his shrine in company with an educated Russian lady :—

‘I was assured by the Russian lady who accompanied me that the body of the saint lay uncorrupted beneath. “And do you really believe that Alexander Nevsky’s corpse is exempted from the decay of other mortals?” “Undoubtedly I do,” was the reply. “I have as little doubt of it as that I see you now before my eyes.” “But have you ever seen it?” “No, that of course is not allowed, but the priests have done so, and they tell us that he lies there just as if he were asleep; even his limbs are not become rigid, and that is one of the great proofs that he is worthy of being numbered among our patron saints.” Seeing me still incredulous, she added, “I assure you that at Kiev there are numbers of the uncorrupted bodies of our holy men and martyrs, which, if you went thither, you could see yourself and be convinced.” “But perhaps the monks have the secret of thus preserving them; I have heard so.” “I will not talk to you any more,” replied my friend; “you English will not believe any of our miracles.” She quitted me and went up the steps leading to the sarcophagus; and devoutly kissing the hands and feet of the image, she repeatedly crossed herself, whilst she muttered a few words in prayer; and having made the offering of a piece of money by slipping it through the top of a well-secured box, she turned to accompany me out of the church.’—p. 76.

Another Alexander—he of the Holy Alliance—is on the probationary way to saintship; surnamed meanwhile ‘the Blessed.’ In proper time, no doubt, should order reign long enough, Nicholas of Siberia and Sinope will be Saint Nicholas. ‘A gentleman was one evening giving us an account of the emperor’s journey to Moscow, and of the manner in which he had been received on the route. “I assure you,” continued he, “it was gratifying in the extreme; for the peasants *knelt as he passed*, just as if *c’était le bon Dieu lui-même*.”’

A curious illustration is given of Byzantine dreams. In the cemetery of Alexander Nevsky are the tombs of the Romanoff family, long boxes, standing in rows before the altar, precisely similar to the tombs of the Sultan in Constantinople, with the exception of the turban.

Terrorism is the most proper term to designate the political system of the fifth great power of Europe. Our author gives many illustrations. She states, that besides the secret police, there are *eighty thousand* paid agents in the country. A great

many women belong to this detestable trade, including French milliners of the capital, who have free admission to the masquerades, theatres, &c. Few Russians dare to utter their true sentiments even by the domestic hearth :—

‘I am sure that I have often been present at conversations, in which perhaps four or five would be taking part, each knowing that his neighbour was telling a lie, and avowing sentiments exactly contrary to those he felt; yet the subject under consideration would be discussed with all the gravity and seriousness of entire conviction. Take, for example, the recent bombardment of Odessa. I was present in St. Petersburg at the time, and read the proclamation of the emperor, announcing to his faithful people the astounding fact, that the allied fleets, mounting three hundred and fifty cannon, had fired for twelve consecutive hours upon the town, killing only *four* men, and that the people were so well behaved, they did not let even the tremendous cannonading interrupt their peaceful devotions! Added to which, they were assured, after a few remarks on our fleet firing at too great a distance to be within range of the battery guns, that the English ships retired with great loss and damage. How this was caused, when the Russian balls could not reach them, the emperor forgot to explain. . . . I am convinced that there was not one single person there present who believed it; but who could venture to doubt the imperial word? Evil would have befallen him who had dared to do so.’—p. 80.

At Archangel a deaf and dumb gentleman of accomplishments was well received in the best society; three years later the author learned at St. Petersburg that he was a government spy, who had assumed these infirmities the better to practise his nefarious profession. She encountered another professional spy, in the person of a general officer. It is proverbial that when three meet in Russia, you may safely count one of them as a spy. When at St. Petersburg the author lived opposite the State Prison :—

‘One morning, at about nine o’clock, I perceived a long line of sledges crossing the ice, preceded and followed by a party of mounted gendarmes; each equipage contained a gentleman and one of the police. I found out afterwards, that these poor fellows, most of them quite youths, had been incarcerated for some silly nonsense they had uttered about politics; they were then being taken before the authorities to hear their final sentence. I do not think that any of them escaped; they were hurried off to Siberia in the prisoners’ *kabitzkas*, that stood ready to receive them in the yard. It appears that they had been to a supper party, and had taken more wine than needful, when they had talked pretty freely, of course.’—p. 79.

Is it then surprising that under this horrible system of tyranny and falsehood and corruption, dissimulation should be cultivated as the talent necessary not merely to success but to the safety of life. Russian society is only a masquerade. At imperial fête or by the domestic hearth all are actors, all wear false faces.

A good deal has been said by writers of arithmetical imagination, who count every figure as a fact, about the progress of education in Russia. We have little faith in such statistics at any time, and certainly prefer our author's untabularized facts on Russia to any official tables, however elaborate in details. All public education is entirely under the surveillance and control of the government. The subjects of tuition are dictated, and the schools closely inspected.

'By this means they possess immense power over the rising generation, as, of course, only such an amount of knowledge as the government approves of is allowed to be taught,—history, in which the names of the Tsars and the date alone can be regarded as true, the remainder being merely an historical romance written for the glorification of Russia and all that appertains to it, or to the imperial family, in which every prince that ever reigned in Muscovy, excepting the false Dmitri, is recorded as having been possessed of all the virtues under heaven; while not the slightest notice is taken of their violent exit from the world; geography and statistics, which magnify every object within the frontiers of the empire, giving the most fabulous account of all the possessions and might, the resources and the riches of the Tsar, and omitting those of every other country, and so on of every other study that can be turned to advantage by the government.'—p. 252.

Religion is taught by the priests, the first dogma being the infallibility of the Pope of St. Petersburg. Submission and obedience are of the first consideration and the chief merits for reward. A young lady at one of the public schools, when she heard that her brother had been killed at Kalafat, 'rejoiced to hear it, as he had died for the emperor.' She became the heroine of the day, and the emperor rewarded her by a splendid dowry, and the assurance that her future fortune should be cared for. Colleges and schools are instituted for all classes of the emperor's slaves, except the serfs. At the University of St. Petersburg astronomy is stated to be the only science reckoned not dangerous to the State, and not mangled. A learned Russian traveller assured the author that even the account he gave of his journeys in the North of Asia was not allowed to be published, only those parts wherein the desolation of the land was not exposed were permitted to be printed. Barbarism holds rule even over the University. A student of great talent, too poor to bribe and overcome the jealousy of a professor, was thrice refused the prize which his ability had won, and on which his future subsistence depended. All the professors but the one referred to had awarded him their suffrages. In his despair he struck the professor, and by order of the emperor he was sentenced to a thousand lashes of the knout. The dreadful punishment was inflicted in presence of the University. A very few blows sufficed to lay

bare the bones, expose the heart, and quench the life of the poor student. But the emperor's orders must be obeyed, the intoxicated executioner gave the thousand lashes. A piece of flesh fell on the sleeve of the writer's informant. The system of drill, which in Russia is termed education, is well represented by the cocked hats and swords of the students.

The study regarded of greatest importance is modern languages—French, German, and English. Very few gentlemen know Latin, and still fewer Greek. Female education is much of the same kind—languages, religion, geography, history à la Russe, music, drawing, dancing, and singing. The public establishments for girls are as strictly under government control as those for the other sex, and here as well the system is simply a drill. Private education under the domestic roof is generally directed by foreigners.

‘In Russia there are few, it must be confessed, whom we should call well-informed people, among either the ladies or the gentlemen. The whole system of education seems to have been, indeed, expressly devised for stifling all feelings of independence in the heart of youth, so that they may submit without a struggle to the despotic government under which they have had the misfortune to be born. Their minds are formed to one pattern, just as their persons are by the military drill. Their energies are made to contribute in every way towards the aggrandizement of the Tzar's power, to render more solid the chains of their country. “We can have no *great* men,” said a Russian, “because they are all absorbed in the name of the emperor.”’—p. 268.

Espionage and the censorship are the supplements to Russian education. ‘Our cleverest men are in Siberia,’ a Russian frankly told the author. One of the best living writers informed her that he had written a play, all the best speeches of which were cut out by the censor, leaving nothing but light conversations. Some of Shakespeare's plays, as ‘Hamlet’ and ‘Lear,’ are popular; but ‘Julius Cæsar,’ and others containing sentiments of freedom, are not permitted to be performed, and are not even translated. Karamsin, the historian, it is said, was obliged to read over his history, page by page, to the emperor, before it was allowed to be printed.

‘A short time ago, a gentleman of literary pursuits being anxious to write a play, the subject of which was to be taken from English history, was making some notes on the different events, but every one of them was either too expressive of the love of liberty, or some equally well-founded objection was discovered. “But why not then take the story of Elfrida, the daughter of the Earl of Devonshire?” proposed I. “It is a thousand years ago, and cannot much influence the present century.” “Impossible,” was the reply; “it would never be allowed to pass the censor's office, or be permitted to be performed on the stage here.” “But what is the objection?” “Why, they would never

let a play be represented in which Elfrida's husband deceives the king." "But he was not the Tsar of Muscovy?" "That does not signify; the act is still the same, and the possibility of a crowned head being deceived would on no account be allowed." By this it may be seen how impossible it is for a Russian author to write anything better than the silly farces and absurd comedies which are nightly performed to amuse the public in St. Petersburg.—p. 101.

The reader may now better comprehend the important object contemplated by Mr. Herzen in establishing a Russian press in England for the publication of works which have been suppressed by the censorship. The labour is in all respects an arduous one, but Herzen is not a man to be deterred by difficulties.

Our lady author, from her own observation, is inclined to rather a favourable view of the Russian clergy. It is a class almost entirely distinct from the rest of the community. Before a priest can hold a cure he must be married, but if his wife dies he cannot marry a second, and he then generally enters a monastery. The author was well acquainted with the Archbishop of Twer, who gave a hint that may serve some studious campaigner who has borne and benefited by the practical, though hardly portable, linguistic instruction issued under official authority by Oxford's new German professor.

'His conversation was lively and interesting; he spoke several modern languages, including Greek and Turkish, and amused us greatly with anecdotes of his travels through different countries. I remember, that in speaking of the monasteries near the Black Sea, and in other distant provinces, he informed us that many of them contained valuable ancient manuscripts in Greek, Chaldaic, &c., which are most jealously guarded by the monks under whose care they are, although the holy men are ordinarily so ignorant that they cannot read them. On my inquiring in what way the monks had obtained possession of them, he told us that at the siege of Byzantium, and at the destruction of the library of Alexandria, many persons fled into the remoter districts for safety, and carried with them the manuscripts of valuable ancient writings.'—p. 124.

From what she saw of the clergy, they seemed to be respectable and even tolerant. 'No one who has lived among them can really believe that the fanatical agitation so general at present in the country can be ascribed to any other cause than to the unwise policy of a government that thus influences the minds of the people.' Perhaps she was only fortunate in her acquaintances, for she reports on good authority that the clergy in the remote districts are as ignorant, slavish, vicious, and drunken as the poor peasants. Considering that there are more than fifty thousand priests scattered over the vast distances of Russia, better evidence is required before one can come to a general conclusion. The monastic and conventual societies do not seem to be popular with

the educated classes. Our author saw something of the interior life of both, and she does not convey any exalted view of the institution. If she does not confirm, she certainly does not contradict the statements of De Custine as to the gross immorality said to prevail in some of these communities. The lady was on friendly terms with the abbess of a nunnery in the province of Twer. The abbess had embraced the sacred profession for a common Russian reason, '*Je n'avais pas de succès dans le monde, ainsi je me suis faite religieuse.*' She was of high family, had the Petersburg polish, and did not seem to care that her visitor was a heretic. Most of the nuns were either the daughters or widows of priests; they cannot take the veil till the age of forty. Many young orphans of priests were receiving their education in the convent. Some would marry priests, and others become nuns at the proper age. While the lady was on a visit, a young priest came to the convent in search of a wife, he having just had the offer of a cure. The abbess recommended a suitable partner from her establishment, and a month later they were married. Marriage is very much a matter of convenience in Russia.

The chief points of difference between the Greek and Roman faith consist in some verbal distinction in the doctrine of the equality of the three Persons of the Trinity, the non-celibacy of the Greek clergy, and the substitution of pictures for images in the Greek churches. In the latter respect, the churches are indeed most profusely decorated, or rather daubed, with pictures of the Virgin and Child, numberless saints, and even with profane representations of the Creator, which might have served equally for Zeus or Thor. Much Asiatic superstition and idolatry has been engrafted on the Byzantine Christianity imported into Russia. The author has some interesting notes in which she traces the resemblance of the ancient mythology of the Slaves to that of the classic Greeks, and the existing traces of Paganism in the Russian church. Almost every god and goddess of antiquity has a corresponding saint in the Kalendar, and many of the high festivals are apparently merely those of their Pagan creed under another name. She thinks the extreme Russian reverence for pictures of the Virgin and Child in rich settings may be traced to the old Slavonic adoration of the Zolotaïa Baba, or the golden woman, mother of the gods. The blessing of the waters is the old Slavonic adoration of the Bog and Don, and other rivers. The Domovi Douki, now saints' pictures, treasured by all classes, are compared to the Lares and Penates. On St. Elias's day, the Russians say it always thunders, because it is the rumble of his chariot wheels in the clouds; a recollection of Peroun, the Slavonic Olympian Zeus. On Midsummer's Eve, peasant women and girls assemble in some lonely spot, and light a large fire,

over which they leap in succession. If by any chance a man should be found near the place, it is at the imminent hazard of his life. If this had not its origin in the worships of Baal, it was probably derived from that of Koupalo, the god of the fruits of the earth, who was adored by the Slaves with a like ceremony. 'Perhaps, indeed, the Slavonian races, in migrating from the East, brought with them the idols and traditions of their forefathers; in that case Koupalo and Baal may have been the same principle.' The peasants term the rite Koupalnitza. The Russians appear devout; but very much of the religion is mere formalism. Everybody in Russia is expected to take the communion once a year at least, and government officials must produce a certificate from the priest to that effect. The laity are permitted to read the New Testament, with the exception of the Revelation of St. John.

With every disposition to hold good qualities up to admiration, Russian society, as sketched by our author, appears as false, as flimsy, and as frivolous as ever represented before. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Having seen Petersburg and Moscow, the stranger has seen all that is civilized in the empire. And what civilization! Immoral conduct, and 'inconceivable want of delicacy' in ladies of rank; 'incredible actions of many titled dames;' princesses keeping state amidst the most squalid filth and personal uncleanness; married women shedding tears at the departure of lovers in the husband's presence; noblemen begging a few roubles after gambling away thousands of slaves; ladies beating their own slaves; officers pocketing neighbour's money at cards; officers calling at houses and stealing ladies' watches; noble ladies transformed to 'crawling worms,' writing begging letters—these are a few of the many proofs offered of Russian civilization as it is to be found in the capital. Other slaves than serfs are flogged. The daughter of a general, for some badinage at a masquerade, was summoned to the minister's office and flogged as little boys are birched at home. If society will worship earthly gods, it must suffer the indignities.

'In looking round on the broad streets of the capital, and seeing in contrast with so much suffering and misfortune the gaudy carriages of the nobles and their gaily dressed occupants, who seem so wholly busied in the pursuit of pleasure that they could not spare a single moment to reflect on the unhappiness of their fellow-creatures, I am often tempted to ask myself whether, if entreaty were made, as in time of old, "to spare the city for ten's sake," the domes and towers of St. Petersburg would still stand to cast their shadow on the earth.'—p. 309.

The official classes, more than any other, are stampt with the base meanness of this detestable system. 'There is no baseness too base, no dishonesty too dishonest, no cringing too low, no lie too barefaced, no time-serving too vile for them;' such is the

lady's verdict. The emperor visits a provincial governor, and all the officials of the place in full dress rush to congratulate him with the fawning of slaves on the occasion. 'Without being base,' said a Russian official, 'it is impossible to get on.' 'Never,' said another, 'can things mend until a dreadful revolution has swept the land and every vestige of the government now existing, of the corruption throughout every rank.' Bribery is every where practised; everybody seems to think that he is placed in office only to fill his pockets. Colonels give splendid entertainments out of the hunger of their starving regiments. 'In fact, from all that is seen and heard in Russia, one would think that the lower classes are created expressly to become the prey of the upper.'

Of the poor helpless serfs our author draws a doleful picture. 'Our peasants,' said a Russian to me, 'are nothing but brutes; the only argument with them is a blow, for that is all they can understand.' There was partial truth in the brutal observation. They know nothing and are taught nothing. If they know their name, and that of the village where they herd, they know enough; they live and they die. They are ordered by their masters to marry, and they marry and beget more slaves to people his estates and gild his slavery. Under the larger proprietor the lot of the slave is physically tolerable, for they know not yet what freedom means, but dreadful are the sufferings they endure at the hands of the petty proprietor. 'I have heard tales of their wrongs, and dreadful evils in the provinces, that it was impossible to listen to without indignation. No wonder that the Russians look forward to a revolution, for let the people be ever so patient, there is a measure of evil which cannot be borne for ever.' The day of revolution is probably nearer than is commonly supposed.

The author states that before she left Russia, intense hatred prevailed in the upper classes against the English. No opprobrious term was too coarse. They seemed to be under the impression that the Americans would come to their aid, and that we had designs against Siberia! The French were rather pitied than blamed. Great friendship was expressed for Lord Aberdeen, and much hatred of Lord Palmerston.

'I was informed that many of the lower classes in the capital had the idea that if the English conquered them they would be no longer slaves and not have a poll-tax to pay. If this be true, and I was assured it was so, who can calculate what the consequences of such a belief spread amongst the populace might be, and how soon the hollow fabric of the Russian government would fall into ruins? If this conviction once enter into the national mind, the nobility may soon find that they have a greater enemy in their oppressed peasantry than in a

foreign army. They have a thousand years of wrongs and slavery to avenge, and like the heaving of ground in an earthquake, they will shake and topple down the mighty strongholds and towers of those who vainly hope to tread them under their feet for ever. It was the opinion of many when I left St. Petersburg, that the eighty thousand soldiers (as the Russians said) bivouacked in the streets and billeted on the houses, were a great deal more for the purpose of insuring peace within the barriers of the town than for that of repelling a foreign invader *au dehors*.—p. 302.

The war was draining the vitals of the country. Through twelve hundred versts of Russian and Polish land, when the author journeyed homeward, she saw no young men in the villages except recruits. A General inadvertently let slip that up to the siege of Silistria, the Russians had lost 40,000 men. Great dissatisfaction was beginning to be expressed. 'Notre Empereur se trouvera,' said one, 'en face de son peuple.' Trade was at a stand-still. St. Petersburg, in fact, seemed more like a city doomed than the capital of the great monarch of order.

After drawing so largely from the gloomy side of our author's narrative, it is only right to say that it has its glimpses of brightness.—'Wild though the country be, it is no inhospitable shore, and the warm-heartedness of the people richly compensates for the coldness of its clime.' She found much to love and little to esteem—much to admire and little to respect in Russia and the Russians.

The minute pages of the Russian sportsman afford complete corroboration of the truth of the English traveller when she speaks of the Russian people.* Where she speaks in general terms he fills up with details. Under the appropriate title of 'Russian Life in the Interior,' this is a clever translation of a French version of Ivan Tourgueneff's 'Zapitski Okhotnika ; or, Journal of a Sportsman,' published at Moscow, in 1852. It shows the shifts of authorcraft in Russia, that a series of social sketches and characteristics such as a 'Times Commissioner' might have written, are published in the guise of a sporting tour. Not a word of politics is mentioned ; no reference whatever is made to governments or to systems, yet we cannot help considering our author as a very worthy candidate for Siberia. Measuring things by the favourite standard of policy, it proves how short-sighted must be the institution of censorship when such revelations can have imperial licence. De Custine, whose name is terror itself to the *régime* of St. Petersburg, never wrote anything half so damaging to Russian civilization as this honest sportsman of Moscow.

* Qui peut lire sans frémir d'indignation et de honte le roman magnifique Anton Goremyka, et le chef-d'œuvre de J. Tourgueneff, *Récits du Chasseur*?—HERZEN.

Apart altogether from what may be termed its anatomical value as a study, the work of Tourgueneff is one of a high literary value. It is the production of a cultivated and refined intellect; a book searching, graphic, pungent in wit, rich in humour, admirable in typical portraiture of classes buried in unknown fastnesses, genuine in humanity, and warm in sympathy for the poor human cattle that people the solitudes through which the author has wandered.

Our author has a hearty love for nature, and admirably he describes her in all her aspects, animate and inanimate. His sporting rambles brought him into intimate connexion with very many quaint specimens of humanity, the companions and followers of sportsmen in all countries. But all sorts and conditions of mankind as they vegetate in the wild interior, from the lord to the serf, are drawn with the graphic force of photographs. Our space will not admit of lengthened extract necessary to exhibit the author's skill; nevertheless, a few passages may be gleaned to help home readers to a better notion of the Russian civilization which is to put down Western democracy.

If the civilizing hands of Peter and his successors have stamp'd political uniformity on the nation and on upper society, there is as much variety in the masses of serfdom as amongst any other creatures of circumstance. Thus as marked a difference may be noted between the people of the provinces of Orel and Kalouga as one at home may find between those of Lancashire and the county of Devon. In the one, the serf is 'stunted, decrepid, and morose; he looks at you from beneath hanging eyebrows; he lives in a wretched tumble-down hut, creeps along like a dull clod, has no trade, no industry, eats it would be difficult to say what, and wears shoes of plaited bark. The peasant of Kalouga pays a yearly sum to his master for liberty of action; he lives in a cottage of pine; he is generally tall, has a steady look, a placid air, and a smooth and fair face; he trades in oil and grease, and goes in boots on Sundays and holidays.' But vary as his condition may, physically, for better or for worse, the poor serf must always be the mere creature of circumstance, comparatively well-treated if his lord is humanely disposed; most miserable and oppressed should fate make him the chattel of a cruel, a miserly, or a spendthrift master. At the best he would seem to have the same consideration from a humane master as a valuable horse or favourite dog would receive, and humanity is not the leading characteristic in the numerous sketches of the landowner class drawn by M. Tourgueneff. Domestic servitude is the worst degree, because the slave is more immediately subject to the caprice of his absolute master.

In one of his rambles the author received hospitable treatment

from a freed-woman, wife to a miller ; her story is perhaps one of the best illustrations that could be given of domestic slave life :—

‘It may be necessary now to tell my reader why I looked at Arina with such interest. At the time I was in St. Petersburg, I had by accident some intercourse with M. Zverkof. He filled a post of some importance, and passed for an able man, and one accustomed to business. He had a pompous, sentimental, complaining, wicked wife—a very ordinary creature, and extremely dull. This couple had a son, a true specimen of a little lordling, capricious, and very much prepossessed in his own favour. “Allow me,” said M. Zverkof, “to observe that you of the young generation talk about everything from an entirely false point of view. You should first of all study your own country. Russia is to you young men still a closed book, and yet you are always reading foreign ones. I would take, for example, the servants by whom we are surrounded. You know my wife ; one could with difficulty find a little woman with more sweetness and sensibility ; the women have with her, I do not say a good life, but a very paradise. My wife, sir, has the principle of never keeping married servants in her house. The fact is, that when a girl is married, she is no longer worth anything ; children come, and this thing and the other thing. How indeed could you imagine that such a woman should hold herself at her mistress’ service in every little thing, and that she should respect her habits and her wishes ? She has no longer a head for service ; she thinks on everything but her duties.”—p. 35.

Fifteen years before, when passing through his village one day, the amiable wife of this respectable lord, attracted by the appearance of a very pretty serf girl, said, ‘Let us have that girl, and take her with us to St. Petersburg.’ The poor girl wept a good deal, but was nevertheless carried off to the capital, and in time became my lady’s maid.

‘And in faith it is only doing her justice to say that my wife never had so admirable a maid ; serviceable, modest, obedient—in short, a little perfection. All of a sudden one fine morning, without asking permission, Arina comes walking into my private room, and down she falls at my feet. That is a thing now which I cannot endure ; a human being should never let down his dignity so much. “My lord,” she said, “a favour.” “What favour ?” “Allow me to marry.” I will confess to you this did astonish me. “You know well enough, foolish girl, that madame has no other lady’s maid but you.” “Yes, but I shall still wait on madame.” “Blockhead ! madame keeps no married servants.” “Melania can take my place.” “You dare to reason, eh ?” “It will be as you desire, but—” At these words I avow I was afraid of a stroke of apoplexy. Oh, I was so overpowered, for nothing on earth is so painful to a man as ingratitude. Six months after she returned with the same supplication. Her conduct really hurt me. Just conceive, not long after my wife comes to me, but so agitated, so perturbed, that I was literally afraid of her. “What has

happened?" "Arina is ——" You understand, sir, what I mean. I would be ashamed to utter the word. "It is Petrouchka, the footman." This was a blow to me. Consider my character. You may imagine that I immediately had her head shaved, made her dress in dark cloth, and banished her to the village. My wife lost an excellent maid; but you know, one cannot permit disorganization in one's household. Oh! she vexed me with her ingratitude; she wounded me deeply. Say what you please, in the race of people in this class don't seek for delicacy of sentiment, expect nothing from them—nothing—nothing. You will in vain bring up a wolf at home; it will find out the forest some day.

'My reader will now understand why I looked with such interest at the miller's wife, Arina. "Is it long since you married this good man?" I asked her. "Two years." "Then M. Zverkof gave you permission?" "I was purchased by Saveli Alexeitch." "Who is he?" "My husband." . . . "Has she a good husband in him?" I asked Ermolai. "Not very bad." "She must have taken this miller's fancy very much since he freed her. Did he pay much?" "I don't know; she reads and writes, and that is of importance in his trade. She must have pleased him very much, I daresay." "And Patrouchka, the footman?" "He is a soldier now."

The peasant of another district replied to the author's question, 'Are you married?' 'No, sir, impossible. Tatiana Vacilievna—may the Lord open the gates of heaven to her!—our late mistress, did not permit any one here to marry. She once said, in the presence of the priest, "God keep me from allowing that. I am a maid, and yet I live; I shall remain a maid. What then? My people are well taken care of, what on earth do they wish."

In the sketch 'Karataeff, or the Slave-mistress,' in the hapless tale of the Slave Matrena and the Ruined Lord Peoter Pétrovitch Karataeff, the reader will find other saddening illustrations of the morality of Russian society.

Our author dined one day with Mardari Apollonovitch Stegounoff, proprietor of five hundred souls, a good kind of fellow in his way, and the representative of 'a great number of lords of the soil cut after this pattern,' who 'never occupies himself with anything, morning or evening, and has even given up the custom of reading his *sonnik*, or dream-interpreter.' This was his ethical code—"I am, you see, sir, a simple man—a man of another time; what my forefathers did, I do. A lord is a lord, and a peasant is a peasant; that is the principle I go upon. If the father is a thief, the son is a thief too. Think what you please of it. Blood, oh! blood is everything."

The sound of measured strokes came on the breeze from the stables. It was only Vacia, the butler, receiving a flogging for spilling some wine.

'A quarter of an hour after, I took leave of Mardari Apollonovitch. In passing through the village, I met Vacia, the butler, the man with the great whiskers. He was lounging along the path, and cracking nuts as he went. I stopped my calash and addressed him. "How comes this, friend? You have been whipt to-day?" "How do you know that?" "Your master told me." "My master himself?" "Why did he order you to be punished?" "There was a reason, sir, certainly. *With us*, one is never beaten without cause—no, no, no; *with us*, nothing of the sort, no, no; *with us* the bârin* is not a person of that kind; *with us*, he is a bârin, ho! ho! such a bârin—no, no; he has not his equal in the whole province—come!" "Drive on," I said to my coachman. This is indeed "Old Russia," I thought as I re-entered my house.'—p. 252.

Miserable as is the social picture where the bonds of society are but lord and slave, it would seem, from the very interesting and graphic sketches given of the *Odnovoretz*, a kind of yeoman class, that there has been a considerable improvement in the course of a generation or two. Might was more than now the principal rule of right, and a piece of debateable land is mentioned in the narrative as 'the field of the bastinado,' named from the price it cost. The superstition and debauchery may be imagined when toppers remove the saints, and veil the Virgin, that their sins might not be seen! When the Count Orloff Tchesmenski gave a festival, all Moscow was intoxicated for the day. An honest yeoman is the speaker—

'In the nobles above all I observe a striking change. The poor gentlemen of the country have all been in the government service, or at least they no longer stagnate on their lands as they used to do; and as to the wealthy country gentlemen, it is impossible to recognise one of them again. I saw a great number of them at the registration, and I assure you it filled my heart with joy only to look at them. They are not only accessible, but affable. One thing only struck me as unfortunate. The serf whom they have selected as overseer makes them do this or that, just as he pleases. The overseer and the German steward do what they please with the peasants.'—p. 96.

Absenteeism would seem to be the greatest present evil of serf life. Most doleful illustrations are given of the corruption of servile managers, and of the oppressions suffered by the peasants. We particularly refer the curious reader on this point to the author's graphic sketch entitled, 'The Counting-house, or Servitude in Russia.'

We take leave of M. Tourgueneff with much respect. He has made a valuable addition to literature on Russia. If he has presented us with saddening pictures of humanity debased, he has shown us native virtues in this abused people, which must ripen to rich fruit when the time comes for the regeneration of the land.

* Lord.

ART. III.—*The Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems.*

By Gerald Massey. Fourth Edition. Revised and Enlarged.

London: David Bogue.

ONE of the most profound sayings in the plays of Shakspeare is uttered by a Lord, to whom no name is attached. Parolles soliloquizing, as he thinks, in secret, expresses a fear that the hollowness of his character has been discovered, and that all his bombast and drumming and trumpeting is understood at last to be what it really is, all sound and fury, signifying nothing—‘They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue. . . Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman’s mouth, *and buy myself another of Bajazet’s mule.*’ The anonymous Lord who overhears this extraordinary soliloquy, then asks, *Is it possible he should KNOW what he is, and BE that he is?* It is a question that goes down to the very centre of life how far knowledge is compatible with being, existence with the consciousness of existence. Here it is the crucial test of an irrecoverable ass. Look at Dogberry, anxious to be written down an ass, and proving his asininity by utter unconsciousness of it. Look at Falstaff, on the other hand, laughing at himself and stopping the laughter of others when he says—‘I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.’ And it is not only the final test of asininity, but goes down to the deeps of life. Shakspeare—could Shakspeare himself have *known* what he was, and yet have *been* that he was? We doubt it very much, and altogether dissent from the dogma which has just been put forth by Professor Ferrier, and seems to be creating a ferment amongst the Edinburgh metaphysicians—that knowledge and being are relative and indeed identical. ‘We are,’ says Professor Ferrier, ‘only in so far as we know, and we know only in so far as we know that we know.’ Not so; we are far more than we know; and, paradoxical though it may appear, yet our life is full of paradoxes, and it is true that the mere circumstance of our *knowing* that we are is often a valid proof to the contrary. The consciousness of such or such a state does damage to its very existence, and to know of it, is to doubt of it. He is the greatest humbug of all who is not aware that he is a humbug; to be able, as in the case of Parolles, to perceive and acknowledge the hollowness of his pretensions would imply something of solidity. And although it will not be supposed for one moment that we mean to class poetry with humbug; yet with regard to every true poet we

have continually to ask the question of the nameless Lord—
 'Is it possible he should *know* what he is, and yet *be* that he is?'

These remarks have been called forth by a passage in the very sensible preface which Gerald Massey has prefixed to his volume now lying before us. It is long for a preface, but the whole is conceived in excellent taste, is full of good and true feeling, and will add respect and sympathy to the admiration which his poetical gift has otherwise awakened. The passage to which we allude is the following:—

'Some of the critics have called me a Poet; but that word is much too lightly spoken,—much too freely bandied about. I know what a poet is too well to fancy that I am one yet. It is a high standard that I set up myself, and I do not ask it to be lowered to reach my stature; nor would I have the poet's awful crown diminished to mete my lesser brow. I may have that something within which kindles flamelike at the breath of love, or mounts into song in the presence of beauty; but, alas! mine is a "jarring lyre." If I were a critic, I should be savagely severe on this subject. The dearth of poetry should be great in a country where we hail as poets such as have been crowned of late. For myself, I have only entered the lists and inscribed my name: the race has yet to be run. Whether I shall run it and win the poet's crown or not time alone will prove, and not the prediction of friend or foe.'—pp. xi. xii.

These are brave words of a true singer; the best promise of future greatness; and a remarkable lesson to the throng of poetical aspirants, old and young. With all our admiration of Gerard Massey, we are not of those who mean to flatter him, and we must frankly admit that we echo the sentiments thus expressed, while, at the same time, the fact that he is self-possessed enough to judge himself so correctly gives the assurance, even stronger than before, that he will yet achieve the poet's wreath. Only, while substantially, perhaps, agreeing with Mr. Massey's criticism of himself, we should be disposed to express the same truth in different terms—in terms less liable to mistake. It was John Sterling, if we remember rightly, who said that no man is so born a poet but he must be born again into the poetic artist. And it is in the latter sense of the word that we so far echo the sentiment of the preface as to say that Gerald Massey is not yet a poet: he is not yet an artist. But poet he undoubtedly is in the first stage of the existence to which Sterling referred; and he is all the more a poet because of his unconsciousness. So strong are his sympathies, so entire his self-abandonment to the instant emotion, and so forcible and gushing his expressions, that our expectations of him are the highest, and all the more so because both in his choice of subjects and manner of treatment, he has exhibited the most striking originality. It is an originality of idea and handling quite unconsciously developed, and, therefore, all the more to be relied on as a true and noble thing.

And as it was unconsciously developed and grew upon him, as a poet born, so we venture to anticipate that as an artist he will cultivate the gift, sublime the idea, and acquire such a mastery over his manner that in becoming an indivisible part of his idiosyncrasy it may never degenerate into mannerism.

For we mean to say frankly that with all our admiration of this poet—the prevailing motive of his compositions, and his ideas both of thought and expression, we are by no means satisfied with what he has already achieved. And we are inclined even to be ostentatious in saying so, as there is observable in many of these poems a want of restraint, which is certainly excusable in so young a writer, but which the extravagant laudations of those who place him on a level with Robert Burns may injuriously foster. We are disposed to give no stint of praise to Massey; most assuredly he deserves all encouragement; but he can afford also to be censured, and we mean to pay him the compliment of showing him no mercy on the ground that he needs none. Only as in doing so it will be necessary to go into details that will probably convey to the reader no correct, because no complete, idea of his peculiar power, let us here quote entire an exquisite little lyric that is a fair specimen of his favourite subject, and his own appropriate manner.

THAT MERRY, MERRY MAY.

Ah! 'tis like a tale of olden
 Time, long, long ago,
 When the world was in its golden
 Prime, and love was lord below.
 Every vein of earth was dancing
 With the Spring's new wine;
 'Twas the pleasant time of flowers
 When I met you, love of mine!
 Ah! some spirit sure was straying
 Out of Heaven that day
 When I met you, sweet! a-Maying
 In that merry, merry May.
 Little heart! it shyly opened
 Its red leaves' love-lore,
 Like a rose that must be ripened
 To the dainty, dainty core.
 But its beauties daily brighten,
 And it blooms so dear,—
 Though a many winters whiten
 I go Maying all the year.
 And my proud heart will be praying
 Blessings on the day
 When I met you, sweet! a-Maying
 In that merry, merry May.—p. 57.

Of this little poem, Mr. Landor has said that he could recollect nothing more graceful than it in all Greek or Latin poetry. In fact, it does not remind one much of Greek or Latin poetry; it reminds one far more of the airy, fairy grace of the songs that are scattered in the plays of the Elizabethan dramatists—especially those of John Fletcher. Or does it not rather at once recal the Æolian music of that song to be found amongst the poems of Shakspeare, and beginning with

‘On a day (alack the day!)

Love, whose month was ever May,’ &c.

And here it is to be remarked, that Gerald Massey has been peculiarly happy in his choice of a subject unhackneyed and abounding in wealth. It is strange that up to within a few years ago the childlife and the marriage-life were almost totally neglected by those, whether poets or writers of fiction, whose professed object it is to present us with pictures of human life in all its most important phases. The epoch between childhood and marriage was traversed to utter weariness. Augustus has all the world before him, chooses a profession, falls in love with Belinda or Clarinda (one can hardly tell which), gets into a host of difficulties, is drowned by accident, is then murdered by malice aforethought, and after incredible escapes, at length turns up at the end of the third volume, the enraptured husband of Clarinda, and there his life closes. But there is indeed a true life both anterior and posterior to the epoch celebrated by the poets and novelists. They choose that epoch, because it is one of grandest, most universal, most felt, and most marked transition. And yet because this period of transition is the most noteworthy of all, we are not to overlook other periods of greater calm and more silent growth. Is it not strange that childhood, to which all who have spent a happy childhood (and how easily are children made happy), look back with sunniest recollections, enjoying nothing more than to recount by the fireside how they sported, and adventured, and discovered with brother and sister in the long, long day, and the wide, wide world,—that this rich and beautiful life should be a secret chamber, which the poets feared, or were unable to unlock? In Gray's ‘Ode on Eton College,’ we do indeed find some rare glimpses, and still more in Wordsworth's ‘Ode on the Immortality of the Soul.’ But these are only suggestions. Other suggestions, also, we find in Hood. But the first writer who resolutely set himself to picture the childlife—and it should be mentioned to his credit, as proving a greater depth of character and freshness of feeling than most people are inclined to attribute to him—is Benjamin Disraeli. Before him, we had indeed many tales of children—Miss Edgeworth's, Mrs. Barbauld's, Mrs. Sherwood's, Mrs. Hoffman's, and many more;

but it was impossible to accept their child pictures as true. They described children from the parent and preceptor point of view, regarding them as so much raw material to be manufactured into shape. The children are all abstract children—Alfred is a good boy, always good; Tom is a bad boy, always bad. What mortal man is there who can for one moment accept 'Sanford and Merton' as the reflection of his childlife? None. And in fact, until Mr. Disraeli drew those beautiful pictures of Lord Cadurcis and Venetia, and of Contarini Fleming and of Coningsby—all so redolent of childhood, we had no adequate representation of the happy, happy days of which Hood sings so feelingly:—

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees, dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance;
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

After Mr. Disraeli set the example, and exhibited his nuggets, the novelists all began to flock to the same field like emigrants to the gold diggings. Of those who have most successfully followed in this walk, it is necessary only to refer to Charles Dickens, whose pictures of the childlife are so well known and appreciated; and we cannot help also adding the name of Currer Bell—in the commencement of whose latest work especially, namely, 'Vilette,' some beautiful scenes are most touchingly recalled.

But, as complementary to the childlife, we find that at the same time greater attention has been bestowed on the histories and mysteries of the marriage-life. This was most natural—the child implying the parent. And so we have the hidden sanctities, and calm ecstasies, and fond anxieties of holy wedlock unveiled to the eyes of the profane—all the little household cares, the young lives nestling under soft maternal wings, and joy and sorrow shared alike. Previously, when the married life was pictured, it was in some of its more excited moments—as in Othello and Cymbeline—not in its calm and continuous current. Previously, when the ideal of perfect love was exhibited, it was the divine rage and rapture of a lover haunted by an ethereal presence; it was the hope and the fear, and the flushed expectancy and delight of an unattained possession; it was the unsatisfied longing for a something unknown; a fervid, fascinated gaze upon the beautiful vision, which, in a manner unknown, is felt to fit and correspond with the life of the gazer, and to enrich all life and make it more glorious and precious: it was not the beatific possession of holy

matrimony. Some of the poets, indeed, such as Sir John Suckling, rather scorned the joys of possession and fruition. Sir John, although one may well doubt whether he acted on his doctrine, writes a poem expressly 'Against Fruition,' in which he says :

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear :

Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.'

And so amid the gallantries of past times, the poets, with somewhat roving dispositions, piped now the loveliness of Delia, and now the cruelty of Phyllis, now painted the charms of Daphne and now the woes of Myrrha, and how delightful, as we all know,

'To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair.'

Now, however, the poets and novelists have entered a more consecrated region, where love, if love exists, has endured the test of time, and is stript of everything like gaudy and meretricious attraction. It was impossible that they could have entered this holy ground before, and it was perhaps well that they did not. It was impossible, because, up till the Reformation, the current belief with regard to celibacy and the glory of virginity destroyed the ideality of marriage to the popular imagination ; and the feeling continued in force long after the dogma that gave rise to it had been abolished. Then after the Reformation, the profligacy, which, under the name of gallantry, governed almost all the great centres of life throughout the country, the levity with which the marriage vow was regarded by both men and women, the systematic intriguing, the contempt openly expressed for a faithful husband, and sometimes for a faithful wife, — all evinced in the most disgusting manner, in almost every page of the dramatic writings of the seventeenth century, naturally made the marriage life as unpoetical and uninteresting to the vulgar mind as the life of a pair of bantams. And even long after such utter profligacy fell into disrepute, it left a hateful odour behind that infected literature with its impurities. Here at last, however, we have a poet who aspires to be the lyrist of wedded life—to sing not as a dubious or baffled lover, but as a rejoicing and contented husband. He is not the first indeed who has opened the door of the nuptial chamber, and sung his epithalamium aloud. We may refer especially to Mr. Kingsley, who in the 'Saint's Tragedy,' has produced a most striking drama, founded on the history of Elizabeth of Hungary, and on the relation of the wedded life to the religious life. But it is more peculiarly the theme of Gerald Massey's song than of any other poet or writer, and he does discourse most excellent music on the theme. And in saying that he aspires to be the lyrist of marriage, it will not be understood that we suppose him to have set out with this as a conscious purpose from the first. We believe,

indeed, the contrary, and that the idea has grown upon him from less to more quite unconsciously. He says of himself, and it is interesting to know how the young poet grew into power—

‘Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry; in fact, I always eschewed it. If I ever met with any, I instantly skipped it over and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, &c. in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars. I felt delight in being alone in a summer wood, with song, like a spirit, in the trees, and the golden sunbursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God’s own presence-chamber. But, until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written poetry. The first verses I ever made were upon ‘Hope,’ when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print.’—p. 230.

It will now be seen that Mr. Massey’s genius has led him instinctively to the selection of a most happy theme—a theme fertile of thought and illustration, and comparatively new. Thus quite original in the burden of his song, and clothing his ideas, as we are presently to show, in a manner also original, we cannot leave our consideration of the subject matter of his poems without expressing a hope that the young poet will yet rise to the full height of his theme. We conceive that there is something far more in marriage than the passionate ecstasies to which almost solely as yet Gerald Massey has learned to give expression. He has given the somewhat delirious poetry of the honeymoon, that expresses itself in delicious palpitations, enraptured gazing, passionate caressing, and a whole dictionary of kisses that come to the lips as the most natural language in the world. He has not looked upon marriage in its more sober aspect, when passion is to a certain extent expended, and there follows the growth and the continuous mingling of life with life, the sublimed friendship and sympathy, the intimate communion and intuitive intelligence, and the sweet music of multitudinous harmonies blending together. Nobody regards Mr. Wordsworth as much of an authority in erotic poesy; yet we cannot help recommending to the attention of Gerald Massey the ‘Laodamia’ of that poet, in which he will see how the more earthly and wayward passion is sublimed into the crystalline fixity and purity of a truer and diviner love.

We have said that Gerald Massey is as original in his manner as in his matter. This remark, however, is not to be applied to his versification. With considerable fluency of versification and facility of rhyming his metre is sometimes liable to degenerate into namby-pamby; he often displays the most alarming igno-

rance of metrical effects and proprieties, and as for blank verse we must beg that he will never attempt it again—we should as soon listen to Mother Hubbard's dog playing on the fiddle. But if in versification he is so much at fault and even commonplace, in imagery, on the other hand, although often his fancies are sufficiently errant and uninformed—he is most original.

His originality consists in this,—that his imagery is a system of colour. In a metaphorical sense all imagery may be described as colouring; but we are speaking quite literally when we say that his imagery and description resolve themselves into epithets of colour. There is certainly no originality in this bare fact. Shakspeare before him was a great colourist—none greater. Mr. Ruskin, at present, is a great colourist—the greatest colourist of all prose writers. But the remarkable fact is, that Gerald Massey, being a *lyrical* poet, is such a colourist. He is the first who has so flooded lyrics with colouring. We can only state the bare fact, and leave our readers to account for it as they may. Colour has been abundantly used in dramatic and descriptive poetry; it has never been so used—it has always hitherto been sparingly used in lyrical poetry. We have our own theories as to the cause of this phenomenon, but cannot stay to develop them at present. It will be enough in the meantime to give an example of Gerald Massey's manner in this respect. In the delicate little song we have already quoted the colouring will be noted; in the following account of the Babe Christabel it is used still more abundantly, and with greater variety.

She grew, a sweet and sinless child,
 In *shine and shower*,—calm and strife;
 A *rainbow on our dark* of life
 From Love's own *radiant heaven* down smiled.
 In lonely loveliness she grew,—
 A shape all music, *light*, and love,
 With startling looks, so eloquent of
 The spirit *burning* into view.
 At childhood she could seldom play
 With merry heart, whose *flashings* rise
 Like *splendour-winged butterflies*,
 From honeyed hearts of *flowers* in May.
 The *fields with bloom flamed out and flusht*,
 The *roses into crimson yearned*,
 With *cloudy fire* the *wallflowers burned*,
 And *bloodred sunsets bloomed and blushed*.
 And still her *cheek was pale as pearl*,—
 It took no tint of *summer's wealth*,
 Of *colour, warmth, and wine of health*:—
 Death's hand so *whitely* pressed the girl.

*No blushes swarmed to the sun's kiss,
Where violet veins ran purple light
So tenderly through Parian white,
Touching you into tenderness.*

*A spirit-look was in her face
That shadowed a miraculous range
Of meanings, ever rich and strange,
Or lightened glory in the place.*

*Such mystic lore was in her eyes,
And light of other worlds than ours;
She looked as she had fed on flowers,
And drunk the dews of Paradise.—pp. 19, 20.*

And here, before saying anything further on Gerald Massey as a colourist, this last verse leads us to remark parenthetically, that relying perhaps too assuredly on his originality of thought and manner, he is apt to borrow from other poets with a freedom which is quite indefensible. Whether he borrows consciously or unconsciously, his plagiarisms and imitations are too frequent to be passed over without remark. This last verse is imitated from Coleridge—the conclusion of 'Kubla Khan':

*'Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honeydew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.'*

And many such resemblances might be given which are too palpable and too frequent to be accidental. Here is a remarkable epithet:

*'For O! her softest breath, that might not stir
The summer gossamer tremulous on its throne,
Makes the crowned tyrants start with realmless looks.'*

Who does not at once recognise this singular and singularly fine epithet as the property of Keats, who describes the dethroned Saturn as follows:

*'Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were closed.'*

Massey has not improved upon the idea. Neither has he improved on this line of Tennyson:

'Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,'
which he presents in the following disguised shape:

'Wide worlds of worship are her eyes;'
nor upon this line of Aird's, in the 'Devil's Dream':

'And thou shalt summer high in bliss, upon the hills of God.'
which he has rendered,

*'They who love are regioned high
On hills of bliss, with Heaven nigh.'*

Now, perhaps all this may be unconscious reminiscence of other poets; but from the frequency of the offence, and from the obviousness of the borrowing, we are disposed to think that he does it quite frankly, and treats these phrases and ideas as having become, from their intrinsic excellence, a kind of common property. 'Weddable, white arms'—how could he write that without knowing that even a superficial reader would recognise in it the 'marriageable arms' of Milton? 'Red wet shod'—how could he write that without knowing that everybody must trace the expression to Burns, who gives it 'red wat shod'? 'Rose of dawn'—is it possible that the expression should belong to any one but Tennyson? Massey borrows so frankly and from such obvious sources, that we are not disposed to speak of his obligations in this respect as of the obligations of Gray or Thomas Campbell to the early and more recondite poems which they pillaged perhaps a little too freely. But if he is wise for his reputation, he will henceforth beware. He must know that these detections tend to throw an atmosphere of doubt on passages which are entirely his own. And we are sure that he has no occasion to borrow if he will depend on himself, and give fair play to his own originality.

We do not think that he gives fair play to his own individuality. With abundant resources, we regret to see that perhaps from writing too much or too hurriedly, he repeats himself to weariness. He is fond of colour, we have said, and his epithets are descriptive of colour. Unfortunately, he seizes on one or two epithets, and presents them so often that at last they become quite amusing. They are like bits of coloured glass thrown into a kaleidoscope, and presenting ten thousand different and beautiful combinations. Take the epithet *golden*. Cursorily glancing over a third of the volume, we cull the following phrases: 'Memory's golden mines'—'sunshine's golden shower'—'golden gates of morn'—'sunny sheaves of golden beams'—'as starry guests come golden down the gloom'—'sumptuous wealth of golden hair'—'golden burst of sunbeams'—'the love-moon golden grand'—'ripe fruits mellowed goldenly'—'sunshine's golden kiss'—'the golden fullness of the bliss'—'golden aged future'—'golden calm'—'golden goal'—'golden secrets'—'the golden full'—'golden threads'—'golden prime'—'golden wings'—'golden Hesperides'—'golden tides'—'golden suns'—'golden calves'—'golden glory'—'golden mirth'—'golden fancies'—'golden moments'—'golden hours'—'golden wedding-ring'—'golden wedding-ring'—'golden wedding-ring.' In the same way he harps on wine: 'mellow wine'—'rare wine'—'rich wine'—'globes of wine'—'a flower's wine-cup'—'wine of health'—'morning's wine'—'the wine of all your ripened beauty'—'wine

in every vein'—'wings of wine'—'wine of joy'—'passion's fiery wine'—'the wine of thy kisses'—'heaven wine'—'wine of my heart'—'spring's new wine'—'wine of love.' And so with roses: 'rose of sunset'—'rose of dawn'—'May-roses'—'musk-roses'—'woman-rose'—'sea of rosebloom'—'rosy snow'—'rosy limbs'—'rosy cloud.' But we must not exhaust the patience of our readers.

We must only say here, as the key to Gerald Massey's system of colouring, that whether he is speaking of wine or of roses, or of sunset or of blushing, or of rubies or of fire, or of rainbows or of corals, or of lips or of cherries, or of battle or of blood, or of the heart or of kisses—he has merely the idea of red colour in his eye, and recalls these images for the sake of their redness,—kisses, for example, implying lips, and lips redness. And then along with red comes in the complementary colour green. We had much to say on this head which we must omit. Purple and gold are the principal colours of Homer. Black and red are the favourites of Byron. Red in contrast with white, and blue in contrast with white, are the chief colours of Shakspeare, although he is indeed no bigot in colour, and delights in a great variety of hues. Massey's colours are red and green, and it is really amusing at times to see how they come together quite unconsciously. If ever he uses red, and he uses it two or three times on every page, we are certain, in the majority of cases, that in the next line we shall have green. We quote an example from a poem that has received very high praise—'The Bridal'—of which here are the first five stanzas:—

She comes! *the blushing bridal dawn*
 With her Auroral splendours on;
 And *green earth* never lovelier shone.
 She danceth on her golden way,
 In dainty dalliance with the May,
 Jubilant o'er the happy day!
 Earth weareth Heaven for bridal-ring;
 And the best garland of glory, Spring
 From out old Winter's world can bring.
The green blood reddens in the rose;
 And underneath white-budding boughs
 The violets purple in rich rows.
 High up in air the chesnuts blow,
The livegreen appletrees' flush bough
Floateth, a cloud of rosy snow.—p. 34.

If Mr. Massey will take care he will yet do something great—and great in colour. And as a lesson to him, and perhaps to some of our readers, to whom the subject of colour in poetry may

be novel, we will quote two pictures from Shakspeare, showing how he coloured when he began to write, and how he coloured when he had attained a mastery over the art. Here is the description of Lucrece in bed—Tarquin entering. We omit a few of the lines. Observe the variety of the colour.

Her *lily* hand her *rosy* cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss.
Without the bed the other *fair* hand was
On the *green* coverlet; whose *perfect white*
Showed like an April daisy on the grass.
Her eyes, *like marigolds*, had sheathed their *light*,
And *canopied in darkness*, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.
Her hair, *like golden threads*, played with her breath.
Her breasts, *like ivory globes circled with blue*,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

And now see the same scene treated in his latest style—when Iachimo invades the chamber of Imogen: for in writing this it is demonstrable that Shakspeare had in his mind the earlier picture. Observe here the purity of the colouring.

Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! *fresh lily!*
And whiter than the sheets. That I might touch!
But kiss! one kiss! *Rubies* unparagoned,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: *the flame o' the taper*
Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, *white and azure, laced*
With blue of Heaven's own tinct.

If Gerald Massey wishes to handle colour dexterously, by all means let him study Shakspeare. Of the peculiar green and red to which he is so devoted, he will not find in the whole circle of poetry a finer example than the following:

'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.'

In closing this volume we give Gerald Massey our cordial benison and best wishes, and we hope that he will not be offended on account of the frankness of our criticism. He is yet young, and we expect great things of him. To his personal history we have not referred, since—although it does him infinite credit as

a man, and excites our warmest sympathies—his poetry must stand or fall by its own inherent merits, and should not derive a factitious interest from the circumstances under which it was produced. We could wish that a poet so young and so promising were not dependent on literature for his living, and were in a position to write or not as the muse inspires.

ART. IV.—*Die Verhandlungen des siebenten deutschen evangelischen Kirchentages zu Frankfurt-am-Main im September, 1854.* (The Transactions of the Seventh German Evangelical Kirchentag, held at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in September, 1854). Berlin. 1854.

SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH at Frankfort has had, pressed into the compass of a few short years, a stirring history. Were some internal witness able to describe the varied scenes of which it has been the theatre, or were its walls to echo back the words that have been uttered during the past seven years within its precincts, the curious listener would have to hear some strange contradictions. The voice of angry debate would mix discordantly with the sweet strains of heavenly worship; political clamour would be heard in strange alternation with the calm accents of peace. It is now the pulpit,—now the tribune,—and again the parliamentary benches, that are the centre of attraction. At one time we have it the place of religious assembly. In 1848, it is the house of parliament, and for a time it contains within its walls the heaving mass of Germany's representatives, crying for a liberty of which the majority had not yet the prime conception. For fifteen months succeeding, its benches are deserted, and the silence of its vast interior is only broken by the occasional visitant who seeks the 'sacred places' of Germany's short-lived revolution. Anon it is again conceded to the public interest, and, as if to strike by contrast, it becomes for three days the place of meeting for the representatives from Europe and America, who formed the third General Peace Congress. More recently it is again restored to old uses. Its organ again swells with the music of sacred devotion. And the autumn of last year witnessed it the scene of the great gathering of the German Church, which annually takes place on the anniversary of 'the days of Wittenberg.'

It is towards the latter event, which occurred between the 22nd and the 26th September, 1854, that our attention is for

the moment attracted ; and as we were privileged to take part in the interesting proceedings of those days, it will be our purpose in the present paper to explain, although with necessary brevity, the position sustained by the important convention known as the German Kirchentag.

There seemed a peculiar appropriateness in meeting, as was the case last year, not only in the city of Frankfort, but also in its imposing *Paulskirche*. In going to Frankfort the Kirchentag has returned, in a certain sense, to the place of its birth ; and in selecting, as its place of meeting, the building whose strangely eventful recent history we have alluded to, the mind is gratefully and hopefully led to a consideration of the two widely different histories which this collocation suggests. It was in the very year which saw St. Paul's Church the theatre of noisy debate, and in great part as a consequence of the spirit of revolution and anarchy which, notwithstanding the presence of some better minded men, there found a centre, that counsels were held, in its immediate vicinity, amongst those that feared God. It was in its near neighbourhood that the Sandhof pastors were conferring, with humiliation and tears, as to the distracted state of the Church, and seeking, in confiding faith, help from God, to enable them to raise a standard against the powers of irreligion and lawlessness which descended upon them like a flood. Such, in wide contrast of power and name, were the two assemblies in their infancy. What is their present position ? A few years have passed, and the clamour of politics and strife is hushed. The walls of St. Paul's Church no longer resound with the complaints of an outraged people. The name of the National Assembly is a thing of history. The Parliament exists only in unexecuted protocols and mouldering archives. Frankfort is no longer in giddy elation as the centre of authority and rule. The pride and power of man's cause are brought to the dust. But look we to the other history. The cries and the tears of the little company at Sandhof have gone up to Heaven. The National Assembly is no more, but the Church Assembly, the German Kirchentag, is a great existence. If it was born in weakness, when every hostile power and influence was in the ascendant, it has lived to see their downfall and has grown upon their ruins. 'The little one has become a thousand.' Frankfort aims with many other cities for the pre-eminence of receiving with Christian welcome the servants of God ; and the sounds of factious opposition, of fierce debate and godless clamour, which echoed and re-echoed within the Church of St. Paul's, have been hushed into silence and compelled to give place within the same walls, to the more peaceful harmonies

of the German Church Convention. Thus has God's cause triumphed.

We have already said that the Kirchentag dates its rise from the year 1848, the year so mournfully signalized in the history of Germany's political and social life. It may be that a short account of the origin and subsequent growth of this ecclesiastical assembly will serve better than anything else to introduce and render intelligible our remarks on its actual position, its present influence, and future prospects. We make no apology, therefore, for presenting to our readers this slight contribution to the Church history of the present day, in one of its peculiar developments.

The troubles of 1848 deeply impressed every thinking mind in Germany. It was not merely that the fearful condition of the political world, the oscillation of thrones and powers, the violent appropriation of authority by those who the least knew how to wield it, caused apprehensions which filled the sober-minded with dismay, but that which was even more painful and calculated to cause yet more anxious forebodings to the Christian spectator,—the total subversion of all respect for higher law, the interference with and disruption of the chief relations of social life, the almost universal corruption of morals, and the rapid spread of a broad, unmasked irreligion, a bold and daring wickedness, which devastated the land as with the contagion of a moral pestilence,—a climax of evil thus appalling filled the minds of all who were not carried away by the popular influence with the most painful misgivings and the darkest presentiments, as with trembling anxiety they strove to pierce the gloom which portentously lowered over Germany's future.* It is true that this widespread evil was not the creation of the day; it had been advancing silently but rapidly for years. But the first kindling of the torch of revolution was like the spark thrown into the midst of the combustible mass. The shout of liberty was the signal for the first open onset. The mask was thrown aside. It was felt to be the time for action. And the enemies, not merely of human governments, but of Divine, rose as in a mass,

* We are aware that the anarchy of revolutionary 1848 was not more to be deplored than the tyranny exercised by the oppressive despotism through preceding years. The sudden gift of liberty presented also its more hopeful aspects in relation to religion. But we have no desire to palliate the enormities committed under the name of liberty; and we have penned our remarks with especial reference to the overwhelming moral and social evils which swept as a desolating torrent through the land, and, as the Nemesis of social and political wrong, inflicted a just but fearful retribution on those despotic powers with whom lay the responsibility of having first fostered and given birth to the giant Evil.

to assert their new-born freedom, to claim immunity from every law, to free their country from the restraints of morals, wildly rushing into every species of enormity, overturning the social fabric the foundations of which for years had been in secret sapped, contending not merely with Christianity, but seeking the annihilation of *all* religion, the cessation of all religious worship, the uprooting, consequently, of all right conceptions of law and justice, truth and liberty, and the overthrow of those moral foundations on which society rests. With impious defiance they set up not merely atheism as their ultimate object, but a worse evil, which then first received a name—Satanism; and to complete the triumph of their malignant rage celebrated their jubilees in commemoration of those who had won highest distinction as the heroes of infamy, the revilers of their God, and the dishonour of their race.

Such was the scene which presented itself to the observer in the spring of 1848. The flood of evil long pent up had now burst with torrent-like violence over the land. Christian men, who had before looked on in silence, who had permitted the growth of the evil, without knowing what an enemy they were cherishing in their bosom, unobservant, for the most part, of its very existence, woke up suddenly to the necessity of action. Not merely Christianity,—the very semblance of religion, morality, society itself, seemed threatened with immediate destruction. A reaction took place in the circle of the Church. A new impetus was given to religious activity. The dead slumber into which the Church had fallen was exchanged for a new watchfulness and vitality. And whilst thousands, who before had been Christian in name, went over to the ranks of the unbeliever and scrupled at no excess of iniquity, those who were Christian in heart came from the furnace purified, found a new incentive to Christian union and Christian love in the necessities of the time, and gave rise to what is most hopeful in the present condition of religious life in their country, namely, the existence, since that period, of a new, a more genuine, a revived Christianity.

In many parts of Germany, as early as the first months of the revolution, individual and collective effort sought to raise a standard against the impending evil. As by a simultaneous impulse, Christian men were heard from different places, and without concert, enunciating the necessity of some new agency in the Church, some new adaptation of Christian activity, to meet the crying exigencies of the time. The pastoral conferences, held generally in the spring and autumn of each year, were attended in the spring of 1848 by a more than usually large number of members, who met in one spirit of earnest inquiry and humiliation for the

evils of their land. Even differences of creed were forgotten. In one place—we do not know with what success—such was the contest with the anti-christian power (it was a place where the revolutionary party had led the masses of the labouring population and others to the conclusion, that the failure of the attempted republic and the anarchy of the time were undeniable proofs that there was no God), such, we say, was the enormity of the evil to be opposed, that Protestants and Roman Catholics were invited to make common cause, and merge for a time their differences, in the maintenance of their common belief in God and Christianity. We have collected materials, but space forbids their use, for a general history of the religious movement which sprang from the awakening of the Church during this short period. It forms an important chapter in the religious history of Germany during the present generation. We must restrict ourselves, however, to the simple mention of those events which most directly contributed to the formation of the German *Kirchentag*.

The Pastoral Conferences we have already alluded to as means long employed in different parts of Germany for the promotion of evangelical religion, through the free convention at stated intervals, of the clergy and others connected with the Church government. These had progressively increased in number, and developed a growingly beneficial influence. There was also a General Union, not restricted to any one province or district, but which held its meetings from year to year in different places, called the Gustavus Adolphus Society. Whilst open, however, to all, the aim of this Union was limited to the maintenance of Protestantism, the purpose of its formation being the resistance of Romish error. There were also general meetings pertaining to single sections of the Protestant Church, especially to the old or strict Lutherans; and we have before us a report of one of the conferences of the latter body, which took place at Leipzig in the very heat of the revolution. But these meetings were, of course, restricted in their character, and almost exclusively devoted to the maintenance of their own sectional peculiarities of church order or doctrine. There had also been a convention, less exclusive in its constitution and aim, which had met for the first time at Berlin in 1846, and which was convened for a second meeting at Stuttgart in 1848. In this the German church governments generally were represented by deputies appointed by each; but, by the circumstances of its meeting, and the rules imposed upon it by the Prussian Government, this conference was stamped with a too exclusively ecclesiastical and diplomatic cha-

racter, and it was deprived of all lasting influence. None of these associated efforts could be said to meet the necessity of the time. One was restricted in its geographical sphere; another in the aim of its constitution; a third was limited by its adherence to a single confession; and a fourth by its too intimate relation with the State and with church authorities. Yet each contributed some suggestion, and all seemed to point to the need of one grand convention, which should not represent a single province, but the whole German fatherland; not stand in protest against Romanism, but against antichrist in all its forms; should not be bound by the fetters of a confession, but represent the Christianity of the land, and speak in the name not of *a* church, but of *the* church; finally, one which should not be shackled by the intricacies of German church-rule, but should embrace every element in the church, lay as well as clerical, and in which individual members and societies might, equally with the consistory and the synod, make their voice heard, and find a fitting sphere for their activity.

The idea was a vast and noble one, and it seems to have suggested itself simultaneously to several minds, notwithstanding that in the then shattered state of the Church, and the dismemberment and threatened dissolution of society, it was a work of faith to entertain even the conception of a project so bold and comprehensive. Dr. Wackernagel, Pastor Heller, and Dr. Haupt, the first a strict Lutheran, the second a member of the Reformed, the third of the United Church—comprising, therefore, within their own number the germ of that alliance afterwards to be achieved—met at the pastoral conference at Sandhof, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the spring of 1848, to lay before the associated body their project of a General German Church Convention, which should avoid the error of the so-called ‘Union,’ and join the collective Christian Church, without compromise of confessional distinctions, in a general ‘confederation’ for the promotion of evangelical truth and Christian love. It was at this conference that the name of *Kirchentag* was first pronounced, and as a result of the discussion it was resolved to appoint a commission for the promotion of the object, to convene a meeting on the 21st of June, and to invite to that meeting as many as possible from every part of Germany of those whose sympathies were likely to be engaged towards such an object.

In the meanwhile, and quite independently of Dr. Wackernagel's project, a proposal, almost precisely similar in aim and character, had been issued by a member of council, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg of Bonn, and extensively circulated, as early as the month of April, amongst his personal friends. The manuscript afterwards appeared in a printed form, entitled,

‘Proposal for an Evangelical Church Assembly in the Current Year : Bonn, 1848.’* We have read and re-read this pamphlet with the greatest interest, and, if our space permitted, we should be glad, by one or two extracts from its pages, to convey some impression of the earnest and truly Christian spirit which breathes throughout it. The writer commences by pointing to the heavy judgments of God which rest upon the nations, and especially upon his native land. Shall the evangelic church, he says, be silent—not seek a collective expression of its faith, its hopes and fears—not listen to the voice of God? He claims from the followers of Christ, of whatever church or sect, if they acknowledge Christ the Church’s Head, that they unite in an assembly which shall represent their collective voice. What shall the assembly do, is the query which the writer next anticipates. Its first act, he gives answer, shall be one of *penitence*, in the name of the evangelic church of the fatherland; its days of meeting shall form a great national day of humiliation; and its second business shall be *to pray*. And as, in the sins of the nation and the negligence of the Christian community, he finds enough grounds for humiliation, so, in the torn and bleeding condition of their country, and in the powerless and almost perishing state of the Church, he points out many fitting subjects for prayer. Bethmann-Hollweg follows this with some beautiful remarks upon the subject of ‘the confession,’ showing that it was not as adherents of the Augsburg or the Reformed Confessions, as such, that they should meet; but that, as evangelical Christians and brethren, because acknowledging Christ as their Head in all things, it should be theirs to make their assembly itself a confession of Christ, and a public answer, as confessions have ever been, to the great religious question of the time. This question, he says, in these days, is—What think ye of Christ? and the re-confession of Him is the only hope for a regenerated church. There are further important topics proposed for the consideration of the assembly in connexion with the Church—particularly its relation to the State, and its internal constitution. Then, after observations as to time, place, and form, Bethmann-Hollweg closes his proposal for a general free assembly of the church, by a fervent appeal to those who may reproach his project as one that would terminate in a mere waste of words, showing where his confidence reposes—not in man, but in God. ‘And let us not fear,’ he concludes, ‘our own boldness. Long enough has Alarm been the word; now be it Courage. Only let it be no mean defensive carried on in the old trenches, through the

* Vorschlag einer evangelischen Kirchen-Versammlung im laufenden Jahre. Bonn, 1848.

breaches in which the enemy looks from every side into the fortress ; but, without surrendering one work, courageously assail him with the weapons of the Spirit in his own camp ; nothing on the banner but Victory ! But God, the only wise, bring also these thoughts to nothing, if they come not from Himself !

Such was the earnest appeal dictated by a profound sense of the necessity of the times and a strong faith in God, which came from the pen of the Christian-minded member of council whose name has been rendered so familiar within the last few months by his strenuous efforts in the Chamber at Berlin to maintain the policy of the Western Powers in the Prussian Court. It soon met the eye of the men who were advocating an almost identical plan at Frankfort. It attracted the attention and won the sympathy and co-operation of other men of piety and eminence in the Church. The two forces called into action through the inspiration of a simultaneous impulse, combined ; and the result was, that when the 21st of June came, the little Sandhof Conference was attended by a numerous body, not from the neighbourhood alone, but from all parts of Germany, who met in the exercise of faith, and hope, and love, to lay the foundation of this new undertaking. There were, however, many timid counsellors within the camp, and not a few who would have shrunk from encountering the appalling difficulties with which the enterprise was invested. But the firm voice and powerful appeals of Bethmann-Hollweg re-animated their courage and re-assured their faith. And when he accompanied his cogent arguments in proof of the necessity of the work, by pointing to the source of their strength, adding the Luther-like words,—‘ Whilst we look at ourselves, at our divided and weakened Church, we may well be filled with despair ; yet, looking up to Him, the Lord, *we dare venture it*,’—the counsels of the timid ceased, and the meeting terminated its nine hours’ sitting by a resolution to convene ‘ a general free assembly of members, lay and clerical, of the Evangelical Church of Germany,’ and to hold their first meeting in the month of September, in the city of Wittenberg, around the grave of Luther.

We must pass over the history of the intervening three months, with all the throes and conflicts through which the Church Convention passed whilst in the struggles of its birth. It was a time of unceasing activity on the part of the Commission, and of most undaunted perseverance in the midst of obstacles and discouragements which seemed every day to gather new strength. But the 21st of September arrived, and with it the first of what are now called ‘ the three days of Wittenberg.’ It may have been that the excesses of the Revolutionists, which had now reached their height, and seemed to threaten the very existence

of the Church, drove many to the acceptance of the invitation as the sheet-anchor of their cause ; but, to whatever source the response is attributable, many, who had been opponents of the scheme, now flocked together for its support. The murder of Lichnowski and Auerswald in the streets of Frankfort, was the latest act in the fearful drama which was taking place around them. The news went from mouth to mouth. A solemn feeling pervaded every soul. They felt themselves on the eve of a great event. They were at a turning-point, a time of crisis in the history of their Church. The Christianity of Germany was, humanly regarded, in their hands. Past differences were forgotten ; and the disciples of Christ pressed together, in view of the darkening thunder-cloud, into a close adhesion, and cemented a holy fellowship as they awaited the issue of their own yet dimly apprehended mission.

But the 21st September dawned upon them,—the day so memorable in the existence of this new-born power in the Church. If anything could have contributed—we will not say to invest with poetry its natal day—but to fill its founders with the inspiration of mighty deeds and noble triumphs won in the cause of truth, surely it was the locality which had been chosen for the first meeting of the German Kirchentag. A sacred spot is Wittenberg in the annals of the Church, and endearing are the thoughts which encircle its memory as the dwelling-place of Luther and the cradle of the Reformation. As the members who responded to the call went to their place of meeting in the morning, they passed beneath the statue of Luther in the market-place, and may have gathered inspiration from his familiar form, or renewed their faith as they read the life's motto of the first reformer, and that which should be the watchword of their own endeavours, in the words upon its base :—

‘ Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehen ;
Ist's Menschen's, so wird's untergehen.’

At one end of the street is Luther's house, still preserving the relics of his domestic life. At the other extremity stands the Schloss-kirche—the shrine within which the Kirchentag was to gather. They passed its doors,—the very doors to which the reformer first affixed his theses. Before them, as the rostrum from which they were to speak, stood the venerable professor's chair, from which he was wont to deliver his lectures at the University. The brasses upon the pavement told them that the ashes of Luther and Melancthon lay beneath their feet. And at the side, the monuments of Frederic the Wise and John the Steadfast re-called the memory of the Electors who once so distinguished themselves in the cause of the Reformation. But if the outward semblance all pointed to Luther and the cause

with which his name is identified, the spirit in which these men of the new Church met was no less that of their great prototype. The names of Luther and of Reform they had too long known associated with churches destitute of almost every living power, for them again to rest their confidence in the power merely of a name. They looked less to Luther than to Luther's God. And it was the very spirit of Luther, that same faith, that same boldness, that same distrust of self and confidence in God which animated their meeting, inspired their first utterances of prayer and song and confession of faith, and evidenced itself in every subsequent act of the Wittenberg Assembly.

The number gathered at this first German Kirchentag was about five hundred,—the Church, the University, the School, and the Ecclesiastical Governments, being all represented, and the number was increased by not a few from the laity, whose sympathies were moved towards this effort for the banding of the scattered forces in the defence of the Gospel of Christ. It was indeed a new and interesting sight to behold the learned professor seated side by side with the simple-minded Christian, the dignified ecclesiastic taking brotherly counsel with the humble lay-missionary or provincial school teacher. It was no less a strangely novel spectacle to see the strongest upholders of the respective orthodoxies, Lutheran and Reformed, forgetting doctrinal differences in the harmony of Christian purpose and Christian love; still more to see the object of their common jealousy, the 'United' Church, as well as the Moravian and other dissenting communities, completing the picture of Christian union and brotherly love by being admitted to their association without question of ecclesiastical polity or Church rule. All seemed to point to the dawning of a better day. And the tempest of persecution with which the Church was assailed appeared already converted into a blessing in the recognition of its essential unity, and the sense of the mutual dependence of its parts as members of that mystic body which is one in its living Head. This feeling of Christian fellowship was heightened to the sublime, and received an expression too deeply affecting ever to be erased from the memory of those who witnessed the scene, when, at a solemn moment on the last day, the earnest Krummacher, in one of his fervent addresses, pledged the members to stand true to one another in the day of persecution which seemed about to burst upon them, and received in the prolonged affirmation of the whole assembly the assurance that they would bear each other as members of one family in their hearts and prayers, would receive each other in the day of persecution to house and home till the storm should be overpast, and would account as their own sister and their own children the widow and the orphans

of the brother who should seal his testimony by the martyr's death.

The Conference at Wittenberg, thus conducted in the spirit of humiliation and prayer, ended in the establishment on a fixed and definite basis of the German Kirchentag. Many were the subjects which engaged the attention of the members during their three days' debate, but on all the more important questions they came to a happy and almost unanimous conclusion. The Constitution of the Assembly, its relation to the vexed question of 'Union,' the Confessional basis on which they should meet, and the ends proposed by their meeting, were all determined in a manner of which the sound wisdom has been justified by the experience of subsequent years. To these important points we shall revert. First, however, to complete our historical sketch, we shall present a list of the places that have received the Kirchentag since its first foundation in Wittenberg, adjoining some approximation of the number of members by which the respective Conventions have been successively attended.

			Attendance about
1848	Wittenberg	500
1849	Wittenberg	700
1850	Stuttgart	2000
1851	Elberfeld	1800
1852	Bremen	1400
1853	Berlin	2000
1854	Frankfort	1800

The local situations of the respective places, whether more or less near to the centre of Protestantism, account in great part for the fluctuation in attendance. The meetings have taken place in the same period of the month of September, extending commonly over four days. And the continued presence of M. von Bethmann-Hollweg, under whose active presidency, in association with Dr. Stahl of Berlin, they have met, has in no small measure contributed to the efficient maintenance of the cause, and to the preservation of a spirit of harmony and Christian union in all their sittings.

We now proceed to answer the questions which will naturally suggest themselves, as to the *nature* of this Church Convention, and the position it holds relatively to the Church and to the State powers in Germany.

In its constitution, the Kirchentag, although with strict propriety designated a council or ecclesiastical diet, resembles none of the councils, œcumenical or national, that have been convened in earlier periods of the Church. Unlike the Councils of Nice or Ephesus, unlike the later Councils of Constance or of Trent, the Kirchentag can claim no supremacy by virtue of authoritative

commission, whether imperial or papal. As little can it assume a juridical prerogative, or support its judgments by the arm of the civil power. The Kirchentag is essentially a *free* convention, of those members, lay as well as clerical, who may be delegated to it as the representatives of *the German Church* in its broadest sense,—not of a Lutheran, or a Reformed, or a United Church, but embracing with perfect catholicity all of these alike,—nor of a State Church, as the National Church of Prussia, or of Saxony, or of Wurtemberg, but alike comprehending all the national churches of the thirty-eight distinct State-powers in Germany,—nor, lastly, of the clerical body alone, whether acting individually or in a corporate capacity as synods, consistories, or ecclesiastical boards, but of the Church in its totality, the collective body of professing Christians, wherever engaged in associated action, whether as an ecclesiastical government, or theological faculty, or religious society, or simple lay agency. The Kirchentag differs widely from our own ‘Evangelical Alliance,’ although it is in effect an actual and great evangelical alliance, in so far as it unites in one bond of brotherhood the scattered and divided sections of the Church, and elevates the unity of faith above all distinctions of church, or creed, or confession. In the degree in which it embraces this end, we must admit the Kirchentag falls short of the latter society. It aims, however, at much more than this recognition of Christian fellowship, having for its prime object the union of all churches into one confederation, which, without interfering with the freedom of doctrine and discipline enjoyed by the confessional churches, shall yet be enabled to act as a confederated body in the prosecution of those ends which are common to all.

The word *confederation* is important, as marking the nature of the alliance, in contradistinction to *Union*.* This proposed confederation of the German churches is based distinctly upon the confessions of faith of the Reformation: the unfortunate Union was based on the *consensus* of the two chief Confessions, and aimed at a fusion of the two churches into one. The confederation recognises the differences existing between the confessional churches, and preserves to each its independence as to doctrine, worship, constitution, government, and relation to the state: the Union, on the other hand, seeking to merge all existing dif-

* We have been compelled in this and other parts of the present paper to refer to the *United Church*, and the principles on which that attempted union of things that differ was based. But any explanation of the curious and instructive piece of ecclesiastical history which the formation of this church includes, or of the difficulties and troubles, the persecutions and vexations, which are suggested to one conversant with religious matters in Germany by the name of ‘Union,’ must be, for the present at least, deferred.

ferences, aimed at a position subversive of all independent action or authority on the part of the older churches. This desired confederation is not yet formed, the Kirchentag being professedly only the preparatory medium, through which the ulterior object is to be brought about, and through which also the want of the other is in the meantime partially supplied. But whilst the members of the Kirchentag are seeking for the official authority which shall change their assemblies from those of a free conference to the meetings of a legalized confederation, the confederation itself is in spirit realized by anticipation; and, as we venture to believe, in a far better manner than is likely to result from any possible alliance with the territorial churches and constituted State-powers. Already the churches of the Reformed, the Lutheran, the United, and the Moravian Brethren, as far as they have given adhesion to the Kirchentag, are confederated for the maintenance of their common principles, and the promotion of those ends which alike concern them all. That very 'United' Church, which so signally belied its name as a union of discordant doctrine and discipline, is received with the same ease as the strictly confessional churches, under the broad idea of confederation, because grounded on the consenting teachings contained in the two Confessions. We are the more particular in referring to this important point in connexion with the constitution of the Kirchentag, that our readers may be prepared, both to comprehend more fully the nature of the question as it at present stands, and to form their judgments as to how far such a change in the position of the Kirchentag, should it ever be accomplished, would promote or impede the grand objects for which it is founded. This is not the place to enter into a full discussion of this question, but we must confess that, with the knowledge how dangerous a weapon power has always been in the hands of an ecclesiastical body, we should look with some anxiety at a power thus constituted, rising up in the midst of the German churches, and taking the place of the blessed free agency of their present Kirchentag. At the same time it is right to say, that it was to this very consolidation of power, that the founders of the German Kirchentag looked in the first instance with greatest hope, as their only safeguard against the fearful evils with which, in the separation of Church and State, Germany was at that period threatened. It would betray us into a lengthened argument, were we to enter into the extremely complicated question of the relation of Church and State in Germany. We must, however, say that, whilst we admit that their separation in 1848 meant, in the design of its chief advocates, the extinction of all religion, yet we have faith enough in the principles of freedom from State control, to believe that

a total severance of the ecclesiastical from the magisterial power would far more benefit Germany than the scheme to which, as their last effort to save the Church, the founders of the Kirchentag had recourse in conceiving the bold project of confederation.

It will be seen that the Kirchentag comprises within itself as regularly appointed delegates, the representatives of a number of bodies, most heterogeneous in character, if regarded in the light of authority or ecclesiastical power, although perfectly accordant and amicable in the spirit of their meeting. There are, for instance, territorial churches, provincial synods, ecclesiastical boards, national consistories, united with free communities and voluntary associations; the faculties of theology and ecclesiastical law in the universities, colleges for the training of ministers and missionaries, pastoral conferences, and diocesan unions, taking common part with Bible and tract societies, young men's associations, societies for home and foreign missions, temperance societies, orphan asylums, and a crowd of other associations,—the fruit of the free operation of Christian charity. Strangely diversified as are the elements, these are the bodies, which, in the persons of their delegates, are represented at the Kirchentag, and form, together with a large number of the clergy, candidates, home missionaries, superintendents, schoolmasters, and men engaged in varied other pursuits, the component elements which constitute the assembly. Admirably as this body has shown itself able to work in harmony, in the carrying out of great practical purposes of good in Germany, the confederation, should it ever be formed, would necessarily be constituted of very different elements. The meetings that have already taken place at Eisenach, have consisted for the most part of representatives of the church authorities, the territorial governments, and ecclesiastical powers. Still, however constituted, we can look forward with no hope to the confederation ever occupying the position which the sanguine minds of its projectors have marked out for it. We shall watch, however, with interest the progress of the difficult question of the adjustment of church power in Germany, and we trust we have said sufficient to indicate its general bearing, and to show the problem, which, in its political aspect, the Kirchentag, or, more correctly, the proposed confederation of the German churches, has to solve.

It is right, however, to say, that the discussion of this intricate question of a church confederation forms no part of the general proceedings of the Kirchentag. Many of its members are probably unaware that such a project is included in its aims; all regard it as quite subservient to the practical works connected with the cause of the Gospel in which the Kirchentag engages.

The most sanguine have, probably, in view of the important mission which Divine Providence seems to have ordained for the accomplishment of the Kirchentag, permitted their zeal in relation to the question to be moderated. And it is not an unlikely event, as we think it would not be an unfortunate one, that the Kirchentag should hold on its course, spreading fertilizing streams of Christian influence in the progress of its yearly testimonies for Christ, whilst the dream of a church confederation gradually lapses into complete oblivion.

Passing from this aspect of the Kirchentag, it is with more pleasure that we contemplate the union already accomplished in respect of *confession* on the basis of mutual toleration. The principles of admission, from the formation of the convention, have been so catholic, that—with the exception of those few who are so restricted in their views, and in the exercise of their charity, that they hold all communion beyond the narrow bounds of their own Confession, to be wrong—the whole body of Christians, and every development of Christian activity, comprehended within the limits of *the recognised churches*, are embraced within its association.* Whilst such has been the case, however, from the commencement, it is only since the meeting at Berlin, in the autumn of 1853, that this question of the confession of faith to be adopted by the assembly has been adjusted, and the principle of unity in diversity definitely secured. And it will readily be understood, that whilst this question yet remained undetermined, difficulties continually threatened the harmony of the meetings, and a number of counsellors were not wanting to predict the certain failure of the whole scheme from the inevitable breaking up of its disunited elements. The proposition which was laid before the Kirchentag in 1853, and supported by members of the three churches, Lutheran, Reformed, and United, was that the members of the convention should declare their adherence to the *Confessio Augustana*—the most complete as well as venerable symbol of the Reformation—with the provision that no restriction should

* We wish we could say that *the whole Christian Church* of Germany were admitted to this fellowship, rather than its recognised churches. Our exception above refers to parties in the Church who exclude themselves. Unfortunately, there are sections of the Church, large in number, and excellent for piety and worth, willing to be admitted, but whom the Kirchentag excludes. The Kirchentag has accomplished an union, but it is one which virtually restricts it within the limits of the confessional churches. We accept this as a first instalment towards religious liberty and union, but only as such. The Church outside the churches claims its regard. The Kirchentag must rise from its confessional basis to that of a common Christianity, ere it occupy its true position as a bond of brotherhood and representative of the Christian Church of Germany.

be laid on any man's conscience as to further doctrines not included in that Confession, and that in relation to the tenth article, the members should not be considered to bind themselves to either the one or the other of the interpretations adopted by the different churches. By a proposition thus framed, the difficulties attending the adoption of an individual Confession as a declaration of the common faith of the assembly, were admirably met. The Lutherans were of course pleased at the acceptance of the symbol of their own church as that of the united protestantism of Germany; the Reformed had their scruples met as to the doctrine of the corporeal presence in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, by the reservation expressed in relation to the tenth article; and the United, by being bound no further than their own *consensus* admitted, had also reason to be satisfied with the proposal. At the same time, *that* Confession was in preference to all others chosen, which was not only the most complete and beautiful as a compendium of faith, but also the most catholic in its character, the truest exponent of the evangelical faith, and that which was most intimately associated with the spirit and history of the Reformation. It was a glorious moment, not alone for the Kirchentag, but for the Church in Germany, when, on the 20th September, 1853, after a discussion which occupied the whole day, the two thousand members who filled the garrison church at Berlin signified, with an almost unanimous voice, their assent, under the provisions named, to the Augsburg Confession—thus declaring for themselves their personal profession of the doctrines taught in this time-hallowed creed, while they stamped upon the Kirchentag, as representative of the faith of Germany, those doctrinal views which most positively identify it with the spirit of the Reformation. The joyful news of the decision of the assembly was carried with the greatest haste to the palace; it was received with every expression of delight by the king, who awaited the report of his special messenger; and still more, it was hailed with gratitude and enthusiasm through the whole of Protestant Germany, as the members of the Church, whether Lutheran, Reformed, or United, heard what was the outspoken voice of their representatives and leaders in church and school, and contemplated the vantage-ground thus acquired for them in relation to Popery and Rationalism. By this united act of the Kirchentag it has accomplished a mighty work in Germany. It has not merely achieved for itself a position of unexpected unity and strength, by proving itself one by a common faith, but has shown on which side Germany last pronounces on the question of religious belief; and has answered the desire of many who in much

fear and trepidation suspected that the decision would be that of a dubious orthodoxy. Let the vaunting friends of Rationalism, however, now know, that Germany's newest 'phase of faith' is to return to her ancient landmarks, in the re-assertion of that beautiful Confession of 1530, the utterance of which formed one of the great acts of the Reformation. God grant that it may prove the token of a new reformation begun from within that Church, which, since those first days of re-awakened life and purity, has been betrayed into so many devious wanderings and ensnaring speculations!

We must now pass to a consideration of the *operation* of Germany's Church Diet,—the purposes, namely, at which it aims, and the degree in which it accomplishes them.

We have already said that the duty imposed upon itself by the Kirchentag is the protection and promotion of those common interests which pertain alike to each section of the church included within its influence. The special functions proposed by the Convention, with a view to the fulfilment of this general object are, the exhibition of the essential unity of the Church, and promotion of brotherly communion,—collective witnessing against whatever is opposed to evangelic truth,—mutual counsel and aid,—mediation of differences between churches belonging to the confederation,—protection of the rights and liberties which pertain to the evangelical churches,—maintenance of union with their brethren in foreign lands,—and the promotion of Christian social efforts, especially the *Inner Mission*. The yearly conventions are conducted by the reading of papers or reports upon topics comprehended within the sphere of its operation, followed by a free discussion of the subject, and, if necessary, by a resolution for the adoption of measures proposed for the carrying out of the object sought. There are also some few general addresses given by the delegates from foreign religious societies, free associations, and ecclesiastical boards. The management of the whole is vested in the hands of a general and a select committee.

We placed last in the list of objects comprised within the assembly's sphere, and have deferred till now to notice even by name, the 'Inner Mission,' that we might have an opportunity the more distinctly to assign its proper position in relation to the Kirchentag. The extraordinary rise of this mighty power of living Christianity in the Church of Germany, its sudden appearance as the adopted child of the Kirchentag during even its first Wittenberg days, and the rapid extension of its influence through the whole reach of the German nationality at home and abroad, constitute a history singularly

unique amongst Christian efforts, and of signal import to the Church at large. How great an importance the members of the Kirchentag attach to the Inner Mission, may be gathered from their allotting two of the four days of their meeting to its conduct—from the enthusiasm with which its founder, the enterprising and beloved Wichern, is always greeted at its assemblies,—and from the real earnestness with which its cause has been, not merely theoretically espoused, but practically engaged in, by all the leaders of the Kirchentag, and through them by all that is truest and best in German protestantism. Germany's 'Inner Mission,' however, is a subject too comprehensive and of too large an interest and importance to be treated at the close of a paper like the present. Its existence is one of those phenomena in the development of a church which stamp the age, and vindicate for themselves a place in the records of its history. However great the value of the other labours of the Kirchentag, none would venture to deny that its best work, that at least which has been most fruitful in immediate results, has been its adoption and promotion of the Inner Mission. That which, seven years ago, was a germ of thought, lodged in the mind of one man, is now a principle actuating human minds, instigating Christian endeavour, and giving birth to benevolent enterprise in a hundred forms throughout the fatherland, and wherever in Europe, in America, or in Australasia, Germany may find a home. Whilst, therefore, we are bound to indicate, in our sketch of the Kirchentag's history, the prominence which is due to this its first adopted child, we must waive for the present all special notice of its operations. We are anxious, if possible, to present in the pages of the 'Eclectic' a picture of the present features of Germany's ecclesiastical history and the aspect of the times in relation to religious and social life; a plan to which we are urged by a consideration of the momentousness of the interests involved, and the nearness with which, from the daily increasing influence the intellect of Germany gains over our own, those interests affect ourselves. In pursuance of this conception we hope ere long to give a distinct prominence to the sphere of active influence originated by Germany's Inner Mission.

It remains for us to notice, however briefly, the more important of the matters to which, in the fulfilment of its aims, the Kirchentag has addressed itself, whether by way of discussion at its annual meetings, or by direct effort of another character.

The principal topic of deliberation at the second meeting at Wittenberg in 1849, was, the relation of the Church to the State, the question before the meeting being—'How should the Church judge and act with reference to the renunciation of Christianity on the part of the State?' This discussion was one calculated,

under the political circumstances of the time, to excite a deep interest, and involved some of the most important questions connected with religious liberty and State control that the German Church had, and still has, to solve. A further discussion took place on the subject of education, in which the right of the State to the education of the young was admitted, and a further second right of the Church to the same, was maintained. On all such subjects Germany has yet much to learn and to unlearn. Reverting to the former question, it is impossible for us here, to enter upon the wide field which the mutual relations of Church and State in Germany present. Suffice it to say, that much which affects this important question has taken place within the last few years, and that constitutional changes have been effected in the ecclesiastical government of Prussia, of Wurtemberg, and of other kingdoms and states, which show the felt necessity of reform, and the direct influence, even in matters of such high import, of the German Kirchentag. We are not prepared to endorse all the conclusions to which the assembly came in its meeting at Wittenberg, far as they were in advance of the general church views of the time. But it speaks loudly of the power this free convention possesses amongst the authorized organs of administration in the Church and the State, to mark the great influence it exerted whilst yet in its infancy in moulding the opinions, which in the subsequent year assumed a legislative form in some of the principal States of Germany.

The Stuttgart conference was signalized by not only a very large attendance and very deep interest, but also by the introduction of subjects, the discussion of which has proved a source of much good to the Church at large. First amongst these we place that on the observance of the Sabbath,—a subject which, if it be the occasion of a difficult contest in our own land, has, it may well be conceived, a yet more arduous task to maintain its ground in a country where freedom of doctrinal teaching comes in to aid an almost universal habitude of the people, in favour of the disregard of the first day. With all the disadvantages, however, of the controversy on German soil, in one respect the assembly at Stuttgart shows itself far in advance of many in our own country. We refer to the fact that, whatever differences of view were expressed at the meeting (and those differences reached through every grade from the one extreme to the other), all united in the practical conclusion that the preservation of the sanctity of the Sabbath is indispensable for the maintenance of true piety in the nation,—a conclusion to which they put the seal of action by petitioning all the governments of Germany not for the enforcement of a religious duty, but, with true enlightenment, for the protection by the civil power of the right

the nation has to the ordinance of a day of rest. The subject has been renewed at subsequent conferences,—not as to its doctrinal basis or practical expediency, for the latter of these is already admitted, and discussion upon the former is as a consequence unnecessary,—but for the further carrying out of the great result aimed at—namely, the rectification of the law in all the thirty-eight States of Germany, with a view to the protection of the people in one of their most precious and sacred rights. The petition which emanated from the Stuttgart conference was followed by immediate fruit. In Prussia, as early as the spring of 1851, laws were passed for the regulation of the Sabbath in the Post-office and other departments of the public service, as well as for the suppression of Sunday trading and compulsory Sunday labour. We extract from a decree of the 27th May, 1851, issued by the Prussian Ministry of Commerce, a single clause to show the correctness with which the Government has been made to understand the right province of civil legislation:—‘The attainment of the object referred to is not to be expected through orders of Government, but only through the influence of the Church, the school, and good example, because by these alone can the inner feelings of men be improved. Government is willing, however, to promote Sabbath observance by removing the external hindrances and impediments.’ In Saxony, Hanover, Brunswick, and even Bavaria, measures were adopted by the respective governments to promote the same cause. It has been the object of the later acts of the Kirchentag in connexion with this question, to pursue its exercise of moral influence in relation to those governments which still refuse to yield to its remonstrances; and it has had the happiness of seeing, not only through these public efforts, but also through the diffusion of appeals to the consciences of the people, a better civil protection for the Sabbath right and a more general disposition to make a hallowed use of the privilege thus secured. Other topics discussed at the Stuttgart assembly were,—the duty of civil obedience,—the form of the oath,—the protection of the Church revenues (a sore subject, seeing that in the year of revolution thousands of the clergy were stripped of a large portion of their incomes),—and the Confederation.

The conference at Elberfeld gave rise to several resolutions of practical utility, and bearing evidence of advancing views in relation to religious liberty and the necessities of the Church. Earnest protests against new and very pernicious measures connected with the Church constitution in Oldenberg, which resulted in their withdrawal,—against the conduct of the Danish Government in relation to Church and school towards their subjects in Sleswick,—against Baden and Lippe, to assert the right of each

Protestant congregation to the use in its schools of the Catechism belonging to its own Confession, besides others of less importance, showed that the Kirchentag was alive to the duties comprehended in the conception of a Church confederation. Whilst discussions on the consolidation of the very numerous class of candidates (who, although in many instances, employed in preaching or teaching, have yet no position in the Church, because in possession of no fixed parish charge), with a view to their more intimate union with the Church and more organized usefulness,—upon the Christian element in the national and private gymnasia,—upon the organization of district synods,—upon the relation of free agency to official authority, the laity to the Church,—all manifested a desire for the increased efficacy of every resource of Christian teaching, together with progressive views of the mission of the Church and the reciprocal relations of clergy and people.

The topics of greatest interest at the Bremen conference were the Catholic question, which we cannot here enter upon, and the persecutions in Tuscany. The former question we thus set aside, notwithstanding its magnitude and importance, because rightly to treat the subject of Roman Catholicism in Germany would need the compass of a separate paper, whilst, were we to limit our remarks to the particular discussion which took place at Bremen, we should be compelled to speak in terms of severe reprobation of the more than equivocal sentiments uttered by some influential members present. We instance, with especial regret, the expressed views of Dr. Hengstenberg of Berlin, whose zeal against sectaries would lead him to unite with, what he termed, the 'Sister Church' of Rome, in the repression of dissent from the churches recognised by the State. Were this feeling generally sympathized in, it would prove the lamentable fact that the principles of protestantism, liberty of conscience, and freedom from religious control, had made no progress in Germany since the day when, as the fruit of thirty years' European struggle, the plenipotentiaries of the Catholic and Protestant States signed the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648. More pleasing is it to note the spirit evinced in the discussion in the Bremen conference on the second of the topics mentioned. We record it with pleasure, that as a result of the resolutions of the Kirchentag in relation to the persecutions in Tuscany, two representatives—Count Albert de Pourtales and Captain von Bonin,—were delegated to join the deputation from our own Protestant Alliance to intercede for the release of the Madiari.

To the great work of the Berlin conference in 1853, we have already alluded. The adoption of the Augsburg Confession, under the provisions named, has had the happy effect of answering

those who have ridiculed the attempt at union amongst the evangelical churches, and of more directly asserting the mission of the Kirchentag, to follow out the work begun by the reformation. Another important subject of discussion was, on the relation of the Church to sectaries, with particular reference to the Baptists and Methodists. On this topic, we would fain say something on the yet unformed views entertained by many high in esteem in the German Church, on the subject of religious liberty. Liberty for the exercise of their own faith, not for their opponents, is the extreme of the creed of the majority on this head. The few 'good men and true,' who had the hardihood to assert at Berlin really enlightened views on this great question, were evidently throwing, as it were, a firebrand into the midst of the assembly, and were made to feel that their opinions were most distasteful to the men in power, or those whom it is necessary to conciliate. We fully acquit the worthy president, whose position is one of extreme difficulty; but it is deeply to be lamented, that upon any subject the Kirchentag should have a politic silence imposed upon it through the influence which authorities without are permitted to exercise over its councils. We must refrain, however, from this subject, and merely mention that other very important discussions took place at Berlin, under the committee of the Inner Mission, with a view to the adoption of more efficient measures to meet the spiritual wants of the German population at home and abroad.

We are brought at length to the latest meeting of the Kirchentag, that held in autumn last at Frankfort. Of this conference we had intended giving some more special description, illustrated by a portraiture of the principal men who took part in it, and whose names are most intimately associated with the history of the convention. We are compelled, however, by the limits of our space to a bare mention of the principal subjects discussed, and must waive all observation on the bearing of the important questions they involve. The first, and to our judgment one of the best, of the papers read before the Kirchentag, was that presented by Dr. Hoffmann of Berlin, on 'The Right Use of the Bible in the Church, the School, and the Family.' It was a noble protest against the prevalent disuse of the sacred volume, through every development of German society, and reflected the highest credit on the well-balanced judgment and Christian spirit of its excellent author. The second subject related to the law of divorce, the reports being presented by the learned Dr. Julius Müller of Halle and Advocate Thesmar of Cologne. There was further a paper in justification of Infant Baptism, which was read and discussed by the assembly, but which it refused to receive in any sense which would give the views con-

tained in the paper the distinctive sanction of the Kirchentag's authority. There were also, in connexion with the Inner Mission, a most valuable and able report on the subject of lotteries and gambling houses in Germany, read by one of the Kirchentag's greatest ornaments, the Prelate von Kapff of Stuttgart; and an eloquent and fervent appeal on behalf of the German Church in America, presented by the church historian and professor, Dr. Schaff, of Mercersburg. It would afford a very inadequate idea, however, of the character of these assemblies, were the conception restricted to these larger discussions to which we have referred. Let there be added to them the many other conferences, less largely attended, but often not less important in their results, which take place simultaneously in other places of meeting in the city—the assemblies for social intercourse, where the mutual recognition of college companions or former friends after a separation of years, frequently occurs, and calls forth the warmest feelings of the heart—the meetings held by Bible, missionary, tract, and other societies, of which many occur each evening—the daily religious services at different churches of the city, conducted by the most celebrated of the preachers whom the Kirchentag may have called together,—these and many other circumstances combine alike to promote the Christian influence of the convention and to augment the pleasure and enthusiasm experienced at its meetings.

We had wished to make some remarks on the *fruits* of the Church Convention, whose history and operation we have attempted to describe. Some of these we have already noticed in referring to the topics brought under discussion at the several meetings. Many more, however, may be added. Suffice it to say, with relation to the last conference, that the protest there made on the subject of gambling, and the appeal in favour of the Germans who emigrate to America, have, to our own knowledge, met a response, in the suppression of the gaming establishments at Aix-la-Chapelle, by decree of the government, and the institution of a provision in the Grand-duchy of Baden, for the spiritual wants of the inhabitants who may be leaving their native home. The discussion of the law of divorce is precisely one of those subjects, not only most needed, but in which the Kirchentag is most likely to make its influence felt in the rectification of enormous evils in the existing law. The paper on the Bible will be circulated by thousands through the land, and cannot fail to produce a great effect in reinstating God's word in its right place in the pulpit, the school, and the family. But whilst the voice of the Kirchentag is powerful, both in the way of remonstrance with the authorities, and of appeal to the people at large, the direct influence of its meetings on all who are present as

members, and the many who are admitted into the galleries as listeners, must be of a most beneficial and enduring character. At the close of the week, from the one centre around which they have been gathered, clergymen, university men, schoolmasters, and laymen, go forth to their respective homes, carrying with them, only to spread more widely, the warm impulses and sanctified desires that have been awakened during the period of their meeting. It will be readily seen that a moral influence thence accrues, which will exhibit itself in happy fruits through the length and breadth of the land.

One last word on the Kirchentag's *future*. We dare not predict ; and the uncertainty is doubly uncertain in a country like Germany, where, ignorant of liberty, and politically and socially enthralled, the momentary calm of the people may be only the prelude of an overwhelming storm. But should the Kirchentag hold on its way in the manner in which it has commenced, moderating its first desire for an authoritative confederation, and seeking only by its existing free union to give strength to the Christian Church, and by the exercise of its moral influence to correct wrong and establish right and truth, it must continue and increase as a blessed power in the church for the protection of the liberties of the people and the promotion of true religion. Its chief danger, to our view, lies in its being identified with the reactionary party in the State, and becoming the instrument of sanctioning in the Church the tyranny of absolute governments. Unfortunately, all the best men in the Church of Germany are impressed with a powerfully conservative feeling. Associating progress with revolution, they shrink from many of those things which would most contribute to the national good, and fall back into the arms of that despotism which has reasserted itself with double power on the ruins of Germany's short-lived revolution. There is much that the most intelligent and far-seeing men in the German Church have yet to learn, many questions of which the first principles are barely understood. And above all the rest, first in importance stands the great question of religious liberty, which has its contest yet in the future on German soil. An individual, whose views have been enlarged by intercourse, it may be, with England or America, could do little against the opposition by which he would be met, not merely from the State, but from the brand of irreligion which would be fastened upon him by the Church. But were the Kirchentag, with its vast influence and with unquestioned faithfulness to the principles of the Bible and of the Reformation, to adopt amongst the grand objects of its ministry the assertion of those mighty principles which lie at the base of the great question of religious liberty, we should anticipate the speedy approach of a

better day to the Church of Germany. The Kirchentag's present freedom is at once its glory and its safety. Just in proportion as many of its chief promoters seek to ally it with that spirit of reaction which would fast absorb the freedom it now enjoys, do we tremble for the Kirchentag's future. In proportion, also, as we see those principles we have been commending, faintly dawning on the minds of some, do we indulge the hope that the Kirchentag may add this also to the triumphs it has already won, by emancipating Germany from the thralldom with which she has long been bound, and leaving her people in possession of a free Bible and of a free faith.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery, including Selections from his Correspondence, Remains in Prose and Verse, and Conversations on Various Subjects.* By John Holland and James Everett. Volumes I. and II. London: Longman & Co. 1854.

THESE volumes acquaint the public with the history of the late James Montgomery (often designated, *par excellence*, as the Christian Poet) during the first forty-one years of his life. The editors have attained, in one respect—though in one only—the perfection of this species of literature. They have made their work a simple glass through which the reader sees Montgomery living and acting before them, without being conscious of the medium through which he is making his observations. The biographer is invisible and inaudible, and so he ought to be; as much so as the scene-shifter and the prompter in the acting of a drama.

James Montgomery was born in Irvine in Ayrshire, in Nov., 1771. His parents appear to have been most worthy persons; his father having been a pastor in the noiseless ranks of the Moravian Brethren, and having emigrated with his partner during the childhood of the poet as a missionary to the West Indies, leaving James, with his two younger brothers, Robert and Ignatius, in charge of the Moravian Brethren at their establishment at Fulneck in Yorkshire.

As 'the child is father of the man,' there is no doubt that the determining causes of Montgomery's ultimate character and tendencies are to be found during this period. They would seem to have been that constitutional taint which shaded with gloom

the temperament of Dr. Johnson, a defect of vision which debarred him from many of the amusements of his companions, and the solemn and almost ascetic devotional observances of the sect among whom his lot had been cast. The psalmody of the Moravians, the only æsthetic element in their system, naturally affected and perhaps determined the intellectual tastes of this pensive youth; and the occasion of hearing Blair's 'Grave' read by one of the masters to a school-boy audience, all of whom, except Montgomery, were fast asleep, seems to have determined him to the cultivation of sacred poetry.

'At school,' as he wrote in 1794, 'even when I was driven like a coal ass through the Latin and Greek grammars, I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy, brought upon me by a raging and lingering fever, with which I was suddenly seized one fine summer day, as I lay under a hedge with my companions, listening to our master whilst he read us some animated passages from Blair's poem on the 'Grave.' My happier schoolfellows, born under milder planets, all fell asleep during the rehearsal; but I, who am always asleep when I ought to be waking, never dreamed of closing an eye, but eagerly caught the contagious malady; and from that ecstatic moment to the present, Heaven knows, I have never enjoyed one cheerful, one peaceful night.'—Vol. i. p. 39.

Montgomery's boyhood was 'smit with the love of sacred song.' His schoolboy productions were hymns after the model of the Moravian psalmody; and on hearing Blair's 'Grave,' he declared that if he should ever be a poet he would write such a poem as that. Indeed, while at school he entered on venturesome speculations of this description. One of these was entitled 'The World,' and was intended to comprise an epitome of moral, religious, and civil history.

'I meant,' he said in after life, 'to begin at the beginning, or rather earlier still; for my plan contemplated a representation of the Almighty, happy and alone in the solitudes of eternity. I then conceived that the thought (to speak humanly) should arise in the Divine mind, that he would create other beings to participate in his glory, and that immediately on the exercise of infinite volition angels were to come into being. I meant to describe the battle between Michael and his angels and Satan and his legions; and at last to engage these hierarchies themselves in single combat to decide the issue of the strife,' and so forth.—Ib. p. 63.

The next subject which he undertook was scarcely less ambitious. It was an epic, the subject of which was Alfred the Great, which, in bold violation of all the laws and precedents of that description of poem, was to consist of a series of Pindaric odes, extending to twenty books, two of which he actually wrote. Here again we find the tendency to which we have

already referred. The biographer informs us that it commenced while Alfred was in the Isle of Athelney, disguised as a peasant ; and the first ode opened with a description of the Almighty seated upon his throne, looking down and commiserating the ruins of England, when a host of the spirits of Englishmen, who had just perished in a battle with the Danes, appeared in his presence to receive their eternal doom. These spirits described the state of the country, and implored the Sovereign of the universe to interpose and deliver it from despotism. Such was the opening of the juvenile epic.

It is amusing, though not perhaps surprising, to find that the youthful aspirant while toiling at the accomplishment of these Herculean designs was, as he expressed it, 'turned out' from Fulneck on the charge of *indolence* !

At about seventeen years of age he commenced a poem, the subject of which was the 'Castle of Ignorance.' This he attempted in English hexameters, of which he wrote about a hundred and fifty lines, the second of which, if correctly given by the editor, indicates incapacity enough fully to account for the abandonment of the design. It is in these words—

'Vanquished the mighty hosts of wild superstition and ignorance.'

His removal from Fulneck destroyed all probability of his ever realizing the wishes of his parents and tutors, by becoming a Moravian minister. He was next placed, with a view to apprenticeship, in a small retail business at Mirfield, but the unsuitableness of this situation to his tastes becoming utterly intolerable, and, not having been bound by indentures, he ran away from his employer, and not knowing whither he went, found himself at Rotherham, where an adventure occurred, which is thus recorded :—

'Aware of his proximity to Wentworth House, and probably having heard something of the affable and generous character of its noble owner—the late Earl Fitzwilliam—he conceived a truly poetical project, which was no other than the presentation of a copy of verses to his lordship, in person ! Having ascertained that the noble earl was at home, and might often be met riding through his domains, our young adventurer, with a fluttering heart in his bosom, and a fairly transcribed copy of his poem in his pocket, proceeded to Wentworth Park, where he had the good fortune to meet his lordship. Amidst the confusion and agitation, which it may be conceived he felt at this delicate crisis, he *did* present the verses to Earl Fitzwilliam, who, with characteristic condescension, read them on the spot, and immediately presented to the gratified author a golden guinea. This was the first profit, as well as the first patronage, which Montgomery's poetry ever procured.'—*Ib.* p. 78.

Accident now threw the truant youth into the employment of

a Mr. Hunt, a general shopkeeper at Wath, where he cultivated the intimacy of a bookseller and stationer, by whom he was introduced to Mr. Harrison, the bookseller of Paternoster-row, and Montgomery made his *debut* in London. Here he continued to cultivate poetry. We find written about this time an 'Ode to Solitude,' a mock heroic poem in imitation of Homer's 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' and some other fugitive pieces which did not gain, nor indeed deserve, the honour of publication. Disappointed in this last respect the young poet quitted London, and returned to Mr. Hunt's shop at Wath.

When twenty-one years of age, his attention was attracted to an advertisement in the 'Sheffield Register,' by replying to which, he obtained a situation in the house of Mr. Gales, the publisher of that paper, an event which decided the course of his life. The 'Sheffield Register' was a leading provincial advocate of political freedom and justice, when such an advocacy was rendered anything but safe, owing to the heated passions excited by the French war, and the despotic and unscrupulous character of the Government. The commencement of 1794 found political societies springing into existence in all parts of the kingdom, and with one of these existing at Sheffield, under the title of the Constitutional Society, Mr. Gales was connected. Its chief object was the promotion of peace and parliamentary reform. In April, of this year, a great open air meeting was held in Sheffield to address the king on behalf of the political convicts, Palmer, Muir, &c., and to petition for the total abolition of slavery. From the part which Gales took in this meeting, as well as from the general tenour of the 'Register,' suspicion fell upon him in connexion with a letter found in the possession of Thomas Hardy when he was taken into custody, referring to the possibility of furnishing the patriots with arms. A government messenger in consequence unexpectedly visited the house of Mr. Gales with a warrant for his arrest. He was, however, fortunately from home, and as, notwithstanding his entire innocence of the charge, there was the highest probability of his conviction, he fled from this country, to which he never returned, and the 'Sheffield Register' ceased the same week.

During two years Montgomery had been more or less connected with the editorial part of the paper, and having been joined by a moneyed partner of the name of Naylor, he purchased the presses, types, &c. of the defunct journal, in the last number of which appeared an announcement of his intention to publish, in the following week, a new periodical under the title of 'The Sheffield Iris.' Thus Montgomery entered upon that career of public usefulness only second, in the fame with which it crowned him, to his future distinction as a poet.

It has been frequently asserted by critics, that our great poets have been as eminent in prose composition as in their more peculiar department of literature; and not a few great names will occur to the mind of the reader in corroboration of the remark. We are of opinion that that of Mr. Montgomery may be added to the list. The commencement of his career as a public journalist in his opening address to his readers (he being then only twenty-three years of age), gives promise of his future success as a political writer, and we question if we are disparaging the rank to which alone he is fairly entitled among the bards of his country, if we assign to his prose an excellence fully equal to that which distinguishes the best poetical productions of his pen. The principles upon which the 'Iris' was to be conducted are thus enunciated :—

'They profess themselves desirous to avoid, in this publication, the influence of *party spirit*. Like other men, they have their own political opinions and their own political attachments; and they have no scruple to declare themselves *friends* to the cause of *peace* and *reform*, however such a declaration may be likely to expose them in the present times of *alarm* to obnoxious epithets and unjust and ungenerous reproaches. But while they acknowledge themselves unconvinced of the necessity or expediency of the present war, and fully persuaded that a melioration of the state of the representative body is intimately connected with the true interests of the nation, they declare their firm attachment to the *constitution of its government*, as administered by KING, LORDS, and COMMONS; and they scorn the imputations which would represent every reformer as a Jacobin, and every advocate for peace as an enemy to his king and country. They pity those persons, whatever their principles may be, who, in endeavouring to defend them, have recourse to the mean acts of vilifying and abusing their opponents! and they proclaim their own firm purpose to avoid descending to the littleness of personal controversy, or to recriminations unworthy alike of Britons, of Christians, or of men.'—Ib. p. 177.

Still Montgomery laboured under two capital disadvantages in his new vocation, a disinclination to politics, and an absolute aversion to business. At a later period of his life, he said to one of his biographers, 'In early life I sometimes dipped into political controversy, but politics become more and more disagreeable to me; I enter no further into them than my duty as editor of a newspaper compels me to; frequently do I wish I had nothing to do with them; and if it were not for breaking up the concern, in which others are interested as well as myself, I would abandon the whole at once.' On another occasion he exclaimed, 'I hate politics, and I would as soon meet a bear as a ledger.' Notwithstanding this, however, all the editorial comments on current events were invariably written by his own pen.

In October, 1794, Thomas Hardy was put upon his trial at the

Old Bailey, on the charge of high treason; and on what Dr. Parr* used to call, 'the ever memorable and ever honoured' fifth of November, he was acquitted. Upon this occasion Montgomery wrote a hymn, which was sung at a dinner of 'The Friends of Reform,' in Sheffield, but which, like most of his similar productions up to this period, is distinguished more by liberal and reverential feeling than by poetic originality and power.

The young editor was now to feel some of the perils of his position in that unquiet age. A poor hawker of songs one day came into his office and inquired at what price he would print a certain quantity of the trifles that he held in his hand. Montgomery declined the business. On this the man informed him that the type was standing in his office, which, on inquiry, was found to be true, the songs having been set up some years before by an apprentice of his predecessor, Mr. Gales. Montgomery accordingly ordered that the poor man should be supplied with what he wanted at the most trifling cost. One of these songs was purchased by a constable of the town, and two months afterwards Montgomery was summoned before the Sheffield Sessions, and arraigned on the charge of publishing seditious libels. He traversed the indictment to Doncaster Quarter Sessions, held in the following January (1795). The burden of the charge rested on the following stanza, occurring in what was entitled 'A Patriotic Song,' by a Clergyman of Belfast.

'Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends;
Most important its issue will be,
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends,
If she triumphs, the world will be free.'

The trial issued in a conviction, and Montgomery was sentenced to be imprisoned in York Castle for three months, and to pay a fine of twenty pounds. During his imprisonment an address was transmitted to him from 'The Society of the Friends of Literature,' in Sheffield, of which he was a member. This concluded with the following paragraph:—

'Be assured, sir, that we esteem you as a brother, torn from us for awhile by the strong hand of the law, and we anxiously look forward to the time when you shall emerge from your cell, and return to the bosom of your friends. Though that time be but comparatively short,

* In allusion to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act the Doctor used to give the following characteristic toast, *Qui suspenderunt suspendantur*. This reminds us of Dr. Parr's refusal to drink the toast 'Church and king' at a political dinner at Warwick shortly after the Birmingham riots. On being strongly pressed, however, he drank it with the following comment,—'Then, gentlemen, I give you Church and king; formerly the watchword of Jacobites, and now the toast of incendiaries. It means a Church without the Gospel, and a king above the law!'

we are well aware that the moments are cheerless and languid which are passed within the dreary confines of a prison. Yet as an anchor to rest upon we wish you to keep in mind that it is better to be sentenced for a supposed crime and be innocent, than to be acquitted of a real one and be guilty. GOD, TRUTH, and CONSCIENCE, are for you; who, then, can be against you? Your sentence is an eulogy; your prison is a palace.'—*Ib.* p. 219.

Additional interest is given to this document by the signature affixed to it—John Pye Smith, then president of the above society, and afterwards the possessor of a world-wide reputation for learning, excellence, and usefulness, as Dr. Pye Smith. On the 16th of April, 1795, Montgomery was released from his captivity, and in the following week published in the '*Iris*' an address to his readers on the events which had so unexpectedly befallen him. It is written throughout with great dignity and power, and the closing paragraph, for the nobility of feeling which it indicates, deserves to be recorded here.

'I am not conscious,' he writes, 'of being influenced by any of those violent principles which have been imputed to me; on the other hand I detest the spirit of party wherever it appears; and, whilst I hope I can make reasonable allowances for the prejudices of others, I am determined never to sacrifice to those prejudices, on any side of any question, the independence of my own mind. Whatever some persons may say or think of me, no man is a firmer friend either to his king or his country than myself. But I look upon loyalty and patriotism to be best evinced by supporting such measures and such only as have a tendency to rectify abuses, and to establish the true honour and happiness of Britain on the solid basis of JUSTICE, PEACE, and LIBERTY. . . . All private resentment and animosity against those who have hitherto been my enemies and persecutors I have left behind in my prison, and may they never escape thence! If I cannot obtain I will at least endeavour to deserve the public favour. If I fail of success I shall still console myself with the idea that there has been a time when I not only served but suffered for my country.'—*Ib.* p. 225.

But the sufferings of our journalist were not yet ended. In the '*Iris*, of August 7th, 1795, appeared a paragraph, describing a fatal disturbance at Sheffield, which issued in the death of two of the townsmen by the bullets of a corps of volunteers, beside several other serious casualties. The editor's narrative of the event contains the following passage:—'R. A. Athorpe, Esq., Colonel of the Volunteers, who had been previously ordered to hold themselves in readiness, now appeared at their head, and in a peremptory tone commanded the people instantly to disperse, which not being immediately complied with, a person who shall be nameless plunged with his horse among the unarmed, defenceless people, and wounded with his sword men, women, and children, promiscuously.'

Upon this was founded a charge, on which a bill was found by the Grand Jury at Barnsley Sessions, for a 'false, scandalous, and malicious libel on the character of R. A. Athorpe, Esq., a military magistrate.' The trial came on at Doncaster Sessions, on the 21st of January, 1796, and issued in the following sentence:—'That James Montgomery be imprisoned for the term of six months in the Castle of York; that he pay a fine of thirty pounds to the king, and that he give security for his good behaviour for two years, himself in a bond of two hundred pounds, and two sureties in fifty pounds each.' His introduction to his second incarceration was marked by a rare and suggestive incident. The gaoler, in whose charge Montgomery was placed, accompanied him to York with the least possible demonstration of officiality by the way, and on reaching the city, where he was known, he parted from his prisoner half a street's length, telling him to go first, knock at the Castle gate, and get admitted before he (the gaoler) came up.

During the whole term of Montgomery's second imprisonment the Sheffield '*Iris*' was edited by his friend John Pye Smith, between whom and himself, as may well be supposed, some interesting correspondence passed. One single sentence of this meets our eye at this moment, in a letter dated York Castle, which for its catholic sociality of feeling is worth all the philosophical radicalism in the world. '*Give my best respects to all the men, and tell them I rely much on their diligence and FRIENDSHIP.*'

Montgomery, with a tender nature and a debilitated frame, felt the misery of this second imprisonment most acutely. In a letter to his friend Aston, of Manchester, he says—'My dear friend, the worst is over. The torture of the trial, the journey hither, the horror on entering this den of despair, but above all the lingering agony of suspense which has preyed upon my heart and drained my spirits dry, is past. The succeeding six months of my dreary confinement here cannot be more melancholy than the past six; to *know* the worst is far less terrible than to *dread* the worst.' Still in spite of occasional expressions of anguish, his conscious rectitude of purpose generally sustained him to the martyr-point of resignation, and enabled him to say with his noble predecessor in captivity—

'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.'

He obtained his second release on the 5th of July, 1796, having solaced his captivity by the composition of a novel, which he subsequently burnt, and some fugitive poems, including a

play. The novel was dedicated to Felix Vaughan,* who had eloquently but unsuccessfully defended him upon his trial.

We gain our first glimpse of Montgomery's religious experience in 1797, when we find the following passage in a letter to his friend Aston, in which he writes:—

'After remarking the general coincidence of sentiment between us, and which I am sure you cannot contemplate with more satisfaction than I do, you say you do not include *faith*. This is a delicate subject. I remember you once before, when I was at York, felt my pulse. On this head I then, if I remember right, confessed with the confidence which your ingenuous conduct towards me naturally inspired, that religion was a theme of such doubt and perplexity to me that I found it impossible to rest in any form of faith my happiness in this world and my hopes in another.'—*Ib.* p. 296

And again in the following October he says to the same correspondent:—'My mind is grown quite hypochondriacal, and sunk in listlessness; or only roused occasionally by the horrors of religious feelings. I languish away life without comfort to myself or benefit to others.' To the same correspondent, in 1799, he writes:—'On the last head—my religious horrors—I will be candid, as I have always endeavoured to be to you. (Here followed five lines, which are blotted out in the original letter,—they probably refer to the happy experience of his early piety at school.) Such has been my education, such, I will venture to say, has been my experience in the morning of life, that I can never entirely reject it and embrace any system of morality not grounded upon that revelation. What can I do? I am tossed to and fro on a sea of doubts and perplexities.'

Such was the state of the poet's mind at this period. It is quite clear that his was not a spirit likely to be drawn into a customary, unthinking, and perfunctory profession of religion; and the stability of Christian faith which he ultimately enjoyed was dependent on the painful solution of many doubts and difficulties. Having weathered the storms which had shaken and perilled his belief, he could safely defy all that thereafter threatened the tenacity of those roots which stronger blasts had caused strike with such breadth and tenacity into the inmost depths of his soul.

* This gentleman, we are informed, was suspected at one time to have been more than *professionally* sincere in the sentiments which he so eloquently delivered during the trial at York. He was, in fact, supposed to be implicated with Horne Tooke, Hardy, and others, who were afterwards tried for high treason. This matter was canvassed by the Privy Council, when it was ascertained that Felix Vaughan had stopped short of the risks which others had run. This circumstance elicited from Dundas the amusing Latin pun,—

'*FELIX quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum!*'

At this period, Montgomery seems to have yielded alike to his dislike of politics and his painful recollections of the sufferings to which he had been subjected as a journalist; and for two years the 'Iris' may be said to have comparatively ceased to be a political organ, and even in 1809 we find him writing to his friend Aston the following passage:—

'The moment I take up my pen it kindles between my fingers, and I seem to write in fire that alarms me when I read it afterwards, and makes my thoughts once more familiar with prison scenes,—vice, misfortune, poverty, profligacy, villany, and folly, all immured together, and all contaminating or contaminated by each other. Oh, my very heart turns sick with horror when I imagine the possibility—the probability considering my fanatic zeal in the most righteous cause under heaven—of my being again buried alive for months, perhaps for years, bankrupt in circumstances, forgotten by the world, neglected by my friends, in the solitude, or worse than the solitude, in the society of a gaol! And for what? For truth, for justice, for liberty, which ought to be more precious to me in principle than freedom of person, or life itself; but for which I am not surely called by Heaven to suffer voluntary martyrdom without profit either to myself or my countrymen. I strive, therefore, with all my might, to restrain my fury for mending mankind by ruining myself when I write for my newspaper, which makes it in general a very dull equivocal thing, rather tolerated than admired or approved.'—Vol. ii. p. 222.

Meanwhile, his spiritual trials as developed, though sparingly, in his correspondence, mark the most interesting stages in this period of his life. In 1807, he writes to his brother Ignatius:—

'Is there anything more mysterious in the whole mystery of iniquity than that a man shall be deeply, dreadfully convinced of sin and believe almost without daring to make a reserve in all the threatenings and judgments of God, yet have no confidence in his promises and declarations of mercy? And this is my case as nearly as I can express it: yet I do not, and I dare not utterly despair, when I look at God; but I do and must despair when I look at myself. And my everlasting state depends upon the issue of the controversy between him and me—if he conquers, I shall be saved; if I prevail against him, I perish.'—Ib. p. 153.

Such passages might be multiplied indefinitely, though in a letter to Mr. Parken written in 1808 we find the indications and prognostics of a far more advanced stage of religious experience. 'How miserable I am, the great Searcher of hearts only knows: for He only knows what an insincere, unbelieving creature I am, and how much I grieve His good Spirit, which has not yet departed entirely from me, though my disobedience and enmity and rebellion seem to grow stronger and bolder, the more I experience of the mercy and long-suffering of my Creator and Redeemer. But I must shut my bosom from you, though it is

ready to burst. If you knew me, you might perhaps cease to love me, but you would not cease to pray for me.

Indeed, Mr. Montgomery's religious experience was greatly modified, if it was not absolutely determined by purely physical circumstances, giving rise to a variable but always a morbid temperament. Long after the date of the letter from which our last quotation is taken, we find his spirit enveloped with the gloomiest clouds of religious despondency. And we doubt if these variations did not characterize his experience to the very last.

The mention of the name of Mr. Daniel Parken naturally introduces Mr. Montgomery's connexion with the 'Eclectic Review.' In 1806, Montgomery published his 'Wanderer of Switzerland.' Mr. Parken, then a very young man, had already acquainted himself with several of Montgomery's pieces, republished by Dr. Aikin in the 'Poetical Register,' under the signature of Alcaeus. On discovering that the unknown poet was the author of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' Dr. Aikin recommended the work and its author to the Messrs. Longman, who immediately wrote to the author, offering to take the outstanding copies, and to issue a superior edition of a thousand, allowing him an equal share of the profits. 'This arrangement,' says the biographer, 'was at once acceded to, much to the satisfaction of all parties, and especially of Miss Lucy Aikin, who, as she said, "was delighted that the loved Alcaeus was at last found out."'

The poem was thus brought under the notice of Mr. Parken, the young and gifted editor of the 'Eclectic,' who reviewed it in a very laudatory style. It is unnecessary here to say how far we acquiesce in the justice of Mr. Parken's criticism; but in one passage, considering that the author was unknown to him even by name, he sincerely indicates a very felicitous sagacity. 'From many passages in this volume,' he says, 'we presume, and indeed hope, that Mr. M. has had real causes of grief, and that he has not assumed a tone of melancholy, as he might a black coat, from an idea that it was fashionable or becoming. We perceive, with no small pleasure, that his heart is not insensible to religious sentiment. We hope that his religion is genuine, as well as warm; not a feeling merely, but a habit, and that his fine talents are devoted to the service of Him who giveth "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Under these impressions we shall take our leave, cordially wishing him permanent happiness, though it may be at the expense of our gratification and of his poetical celebrity.' Soon after the appearance of this article, Mr. Parken wrote a letter to the poet inviting his assistance as a contributor to the 'Eclectic Review.' Dr. Styles, in a memoir of Mr. Parken, has stated that Montgomery's first contribution was

a review of Moore's 'Epistles, Odes, and other Poems,' a work which has been quite sufficiently noticed, and probably far too much read. Referring to this in conversation, Montgomery said—'The doctor is incorrect in his statement. Cumberland's 'Memoirs' were reviewed by me prior to the article he notices, and this was before Parken had any knowledge of the writer. At that time I was known to none but Dr. John Pye Smith; he let out the secret, and I was then solicited to furnish other articles. My friend Parken, Mr. Foster, and myself had nearly the whole of the 'Review' in our hands at one period—at least we were the chief contributors.' From this time Mr. Montgomery's contributions to the 'Eclectic' became more frequent; indeed, he gave his biographer, from memory, a list of thirty-one articles which he had supplied to it during the editorship of Mr. Parken. In connexion with this, it is stated that his contributions to the 'Eclectic' ceased with the premature death of Mr. Parken. This, however, is incorrect, as the present editor has the pleasure of acknowledging his obligations to the subject of this critique for at least one article. Montgomery's growing intimacy with Parken forms one of the most pleasing portions of his biography. Their correspondence was frequent and intimate, exhibiting a mutual and ardent friendship, while the poet unbosomed the religious sorrows of his heart to no one perhaps with so little restraint as to Daniel Parken. In the 'Eclectic' of October, 1807, he reviewed Southey's 'Specimens of British Poets,' severely commenting on his sneers at our ancient hymnologists, for whom, with all their defects, Montgomery entertained a high veneration. He subsequently became acquainted with the Laureate, and the second volume before us contains some very interesting records of that intimacy. The first notice that we find of this, occurs in a conversation in which Montgomery says, 'I had a conversation with Mr. Southey on *religious* subjects. He regretted that he had been sceptically inclined when young, but was happy to state that a considerable change had taken place in his views and feelings, and though he could not class himself with any particular denomination of Christian believers, yet he could conscientiously style himself a seeker.' It is pleasing to find Mr. Montgomery adding, 'In my answer to this, I adopted the apostolical method, and assured him that they that *seek* shall *find*.'

A subsequent letter addressed by Southey to Montgomery, in 1812, opens a still more singular phase of Southey's religious character. He says:—'In thinking of the merits of a missionary, I never consider his creed: a martyr in Japan is not less to me an object of admiration than a martyr in Smithfield, though I

do not owe him the same gratitude. I could kiss the ground upon which Xavier or Nabrege have trod as zealously as the most bigoted Jesuit. I hold Egede in as much veneration as if I were a Moravian, and could not take a deeper interest in the proceedings of the society at Serampore if I had been dipped in Andrew Fuller's baptistery. This is not from indifferentism, it is because one principle is common to all these men, and that principle is the light and life of the world. God knows I am no indifferentist. I am for tests and establishments, and would rather see our own church revoke some of the concessions than yield a foot more either to popery, over which she has trampled, or to puritanism, which by a coalition as monstrous as any of Mr. Fox's, is at this time leagued with popery, infidelity, and misbelief of every kind, in the hope of 'putting her down.' How a thinker so independent in early life as the author of 'Wat Tyler' could set any value upon religious tests it is difficult to imagine, offering as they do only snares to the thoughtless and temptations to the thoughtful. His crude observations remind us of an amusing dilemma proposed by the late Mr. Hall in a review in this journal, entitled 'Zeal without Innovation.' 'Whether will a creed last the longer which is believed without being subscribed, or one which is subscribed without being believed.' An observation of Southey's upon Vandercamp, in the same letter, is still more remarkable: 'I am not surprised,' he says, 'at finding him venture to use his interest with Heaven to procure rain for Caffirs; it rather surprises me that under such an impression he did not attempt to work more miracles, and as the Catholic missionaries, in many instances, *undoubtedly have done*, actually work them.'

Before dismissing our notice of Mr. Montgomery's connexion with the 'Eclectic,' we must allude to one article, which, we think, illustrates the criticism on which we have ventured, that his prose was at least equal to his poetry. We allude to his criticism on the writings of Robert Burns. The whole of this article is composed at once in his best, and his most elaborate style; and one brief passage in it is so characteristic, as to deserve a repetition in these pages. 'The genius of Burns resembled the pearl of Cleopatra, both in its worth and in its fortune; the one was moulded in secret by nature in the depths of the ocean, the other was produced and perfected by the same hand in equal obscurity on the banks of the Ayr; the former was suddenly brought to light, and shone for a season with attractive splendour on the forehead of beauty. The latter not less unexpectedly emerged from the shades, and dazzled and delighted an admiring nation. The fate of both was the same; each was wantonly dis-

solved in the cup of pleasure, and quaffed by its possessor at one intemperate draught.

The 'Wanderer of Switzerland' attained the dubious honour of a notice in the 'Edinburgh Review' from the pen of the late Lord Jeffery. This great organ of literary criticism had, at its commencement, its hand against every man; in addition to which, its originators, the Rev. Sydney Smith included, were opposed to everything which bore even the semblance of evangelical religion. With this predisposition, they marked Montgomery as their victim, and long before this time they have doubtless lamented, in the spirit of Talleyrand, that they committed not only a crime, but, still worse, a blunder.

The appearance of a third edition of 'The Wanderer of Switzerland' roused Jeffery to a fury which reminds us of the allegory of his colleague Sydney Smith, touching the misspent energies of Mrs. Partington in mopping up the Atlantic. Whatever degree of justice may be ascribed to that portion of the criticism which was purely literary, the estimate which Jeffery formed of Montgomery was not only mistaken but absolutely absurd. We cannot afford space for his severest vituperations; but it is sufficient to say that he stigmatized him as a puling and affected youth, who exhibited himself alternately in mawkish affectations and feeble bombast. The review having long been forgotten as a failure, and having sunk into the oblivion of indifference and contempt, we should not revive it except for the purpose of expressing our surprise that Montgomery should have felt it so deeply as he appears to have done. His letters are filled for some time after with expressions of absolute anguish. The race of poets was long ago characterized as a *genus irritabile*, and we regret that our poet should have afforded so signal an illustration of the epithet, especially when we remember the pathological aphorism of Mr. Abernethy, that 'irritability is only debility excited.' Montgomery was, however, consoled under this severe visitation by the unexpected and flattering notice which Byron presented to him, alike as a poet and as the victim of the 'Polyphemus of the North,' in the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;' the passage is as follows:—

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! sad Alcaeus wanders down the vale!
Though fair they rose, and might have bloomed at last,
His hopes have perished by the northern blast.
Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails.
O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield weep;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!

Yet say! Why should the Bard at once resign
 His claim to favour from the sacred Nine,
 For ever startled by the mingled howl
 Of northern wolves that still in darkness prowl?
 A coward brood which mangle as they prey
 By hellish instinct all that cross their way;
 Aged or young, the living or the dead,
 No mercy find, these harpies must be fed.
 Why do the injured unresisting yield
 The calm possession of their native field?
 Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
 Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to ARTHUR'S seat?

In closing this notice we must reserve a more comprehensive estimate of the poetical writings of Mr. Montgomery until the concluding volumes of his biography are published. Meanwhile, we cannot but express our reprobation of the method adopted by modern biographers of elongating their works into something like serials, and thus not only tantalizing the public with the expectation of a completed work, but also filling hundreds of pages with details which are interesting only to the individual who identifies his own notoriety with the fame of the person whose papers he ransacks, and whose most trivial sayings and doings he records.

ART. VI.—*Mountains and Molehills; or, Recollections of a Burnt Journal.* By Frank Marryat. With Illustrations by the Author. 8vo. pp. 443. London: Longman & Co.

THE author of this volume needs no introduction. His name is familiar to the public, and will secure him patient and respectful attention. A son of the author of 'Jacob Faithful' presents himself under favorable auspices, and in the present instance we are glad to report that the pleasure attendant on a first interview is deepened by subsequent acquaintance. The volume presented under the vague title of 'Mountains and Molehills' is, in fact, a record, not close and continuous, but free and sketchy, of the author's adventure, during a residence of nearly three years in South America. His former work, entitled 'Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago,' introduced him as a young midshipman in the English navy, who preferred, as many honorable and brave men have done before him, his own will to the rules of the service or the caprice of his superior. He now presents himself in a totally

different character. There is the same recklessness and love of adventure; the same contempt of conventionalisms and vigorous prosecution of his object; the same self-reliance; the same combination of quickness and energy, of exuberant spirits, with a ready appreciation of the requirements of his position, and a speedy adaptation of himself to the requirements of the hour. In the midst of this similarity, however, there are striking points of contrast between his former and his present appearances. The Queen's officer has become a gold-seeker; the deck of a man-of-war is exchanged for the back of the 'Old Soldier'; and the companionship of gentlemen for that of a quondam Norfolk poacher, and of adventurers wild delirious expectations.

The author appears to have written out a narrative of his proceedings, which was unfortunately burnt in one of the great fires formerly so common in San Francisco. A tenacious memory, however, has retained a portion of them, and of this the present volume consists. 'I have tried,' says Mr. Marryat, 'to confine myself to what is most pleasant, and it may be thought a rambling, truthful story is the best, if to make the work elaborate one must have recourse to fiction.' The short preface is like the work. It affords an appropriate and truthful introduction, and gives an earnest of the writer which subsequent acquaintance serves but slightly to modify. We have seldom read a work with more pleasure. It is full of incident and adventure. There is a buoyancy of animal spirits throughout which is infectious, at the same time that there are traces of sound sense and practical sagacity. We frequently differ from Mr. Marryat; many of his opinions are, in our judgment, erroneous; some of his views of life are partial and one-sided, and occasionally he hazards a judgment about matters which he has never studied, and on which he is ill-qualified to pass sentence. This is specially the case with Christian missions. He is far from joining in the ridicule which some have cast on these benevolent enterprises. On the contrary, there are sentences in his volume which indicate a different feeling. But on the whole, he speaks the language in which unreflecting men repeat the thrice refuted objections of their class. The more common and apparently forcible of these objections is the claim of our home population;—as though the men who have been foremost to evangelize the heathen have not been the most zealous in visiting the dwellings of poverty and the haunts of vice in our own vicinities. But we must not enlarge on this topic. We content ourselves with this general record of opinion on the matters in question, and proceed to acquaint our readers with the contents of Mr. Marryat's volume.

Our author arrived at Chagres, with his man Barnes and 'three

large bloodhounds,' in April, 1850. The town itself has little to distinguish it. 'It is composed,' we are told, 'of about fifty huts, each of which raises its head from the midst of its own private malaria, occasioned by the heaps of filth and offal which, putrefying under the rays of a vertical sun, choke up the very doorway.' Our readers will not be surprised to learn that the town is famous for a malignant fever, which has terminated prematurely the career of many Californian emigrants. Proceeding to Panama, Mr. Marryat was much struck with the rapid progress recently made. The old town, which had little to distinguish it but its ruins, has assumed a lively aspect since it has become the half-way resting-place of the emigrants. 'Never were modern improvements so suddenly and so effectually applied to a dilapidated relict of former grandeur. The streets present a vista of enormous sign-boards, and American flags droop from every house.' From Panama Mr. Marryat proceeded to San Francisco. The voyage occupied forty-five days. The vessel was small, and the number of passengers 175, of whom we are told 160 were noisy, quarrelsome, discontented, and dirty in the extreme.' Quarrels were of daily occurrence, but though knives were frequently drawn, there was no bloodshed; which our author observes 'was probably attributable to the fact that there was no spirit on board.' They arrived at San Francisco at the time of the great fire of June, 1850; when 400 houses were destroyed, with a vast amount of merchandise.

'I found it amusing,' says Mr. Marryat, 'next day to walk over the ground and observe the effects of the intense heat on the articles which were strewed around. Gun-barrels were twisted and knotted like snakes; there were tons of nails welded together by the heat, standing in the shape of the kegs which had contained them; small lakes of molten glass of all the colours of the rainbow; tools of all descriptions, from which the woodwork had disappeared, and pitch-pots filled with melted lead and glass. Here was an iron house that had collapsed with the heat, and an iron fire-proof safe that had burst under the same influence; spoons, knives, forks, and crockery were melted up together in heaps; crucibles even had cracked; preserved meats had been unable to stand this second cooking, and had exploded in every direction. The loss was very great by this fire, as the houses destroyed had been for the most part filled with merchandise; but there was little time wasted in lamentation; the energy of the people showed itself at once in action, and in forty-eight hours after the fire the whole district resounded to the din of busy workmen.

'On the "lot" where I had observed the remains of gun-barrels and nails, stands its late proprietor, Mr. Jones, who is giving directions to a master carpenter, or "boss," for the rebuilding of a new store, the materials for which are already on the spot. The carpenter promises to get everything "fixed right off," and have the store ready in two

days. At this juncture passes Mr. Smith, also in company with a cargo of building materials; he was the owner of the iron house; he says to Jones, interrogatively,—

'Burnt out?'

JONES.—*'Yes, and burst up.'*

SMITH.—*'Flat?'*

JONES.—*'Flat as a d—d pancake!'*

SMITH.—*'It's a great country.'*

JONES.—*'It's nothing shorter.'*

'And in a couple of days both Smith and Jones are on their legs again, and with a little help from their friends live to grow rich perhaps, and build brick buildings that withstand the flames.'—pp. 22, 23.

Like most sportsmen, our author speedily sought excitement in the woods. Bears are numerous in California. The grizzly bear is held in special repute by hunters, as he is difficult to be killed, and is a relentless pursuer when injured, and can run and climb more nimbly than his assailant. From the nature of his haunts he must be attacked on foot, and when wounded is deemed a more dangerous enemy than the tiger. Having fallen in with a backwoodsman of the name of March, a bear hunt was speedily arranged for. Two men, of the names of Sheldon and Carter, accustomed to such sport, were engaged, and they started, fully equipped, for their hazardous and inhuman adventure. The hunters were *'both hard-looking fellows, carrying nothing but their rifles, a knife, and a Colt's revolver.'* The following is our author's account of their so-called sport—

'It was not until the afternoon that we struck upon a fresh bear sign, of which March had had previous knowledge. The sign led into thick underwood in which the bear seeks shade, but which is the worst of all places for killing him. March disposed us in couples; we then spread and entered the thicket at a partially cleared part. Almost immediately I heard a crash, and an angry roar, and then a shot was fired to the left. It was necessary for us to retrace our steps, on account of intervening jungle, to rejoin our party, which done, the bear was in view. I was astonished at his size; standing on his hind-legs with his mouth open like a thirsty dog, and working himself up and down, he indicated that he felt the inconvenience of the pellet that March had intended for his heart, but which had lodged in his alimentary canal. However, in an instant, and as if by a sudden impulse, he again assumed the position of a quadruped, and bounded towards March and Sheldon, clearing as much ground at each stride—for he was as big as an ox—as would have done credit to the winner of the Liverpool steeple-chase. A shot from the right altered his course again in that direction, for the grizzly bear will turn to the last assailant, and this enforces the necessity of bear-hunters supporting each other.'

'A momentary uncertainty on his part gave me an opportunity of

troubling him with one of my $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. balls; but this only elicited a grunt and a rush in my direction. I confess that, as soon as my rifle was discharged, I felt great inclination to disregard March's directions, which were, not to use my revolver, but if possible to *reload my rifle directly I had fired*, under all circumstances. Whilst in a curious state of uncertainty on this point, though loading, the bear swerved suddenly on one side in chase of the little high-couraged dog that belonged to Sheldon.

'This dog had been in other bear-hunts, and was generally very useful, for the grizzly has a great suspicion of anything behind him, and if a dog can be trained to worry his hams, the bear will turn round and round and afford much facility to the hunters.

'I fancy the dog must have got hurt or lost his pluck, for he now rushed straight to his master, and the bear followed; Sheldon fired as the grizzly approached, but without effect, and the next moment poor Sheldon was down bathed in blood; one blow had carried away the flesh entirely from one side of his face, fracturing his jaw-bone in the most frightful manner.

'The bear disappeared, and probably retired to die, whilst we carried Sheldon home, with what feelings of grief I need not say. We sent him on to Sonoma as soon as possible, and he afterwards recovered, though dreadfully disfigured, and with the loss of an eye. It was perhaps on account of this accident that we made up no more parties for the express purpose of bear-hunting, but left it to chance to meet them, and, as it happened, accident threw very few in our way.— pp. 114-116.

As Mr. Marryat could not proceed further at this season of the year, he determined to sit down in a small valley recommended to him by the backwoodsman, March. It was scarcely twenty acres in extent, was bounded on one side by wood, and on the other by a fine stream. The valley was within the jurisdiction of the State Government, and our author therefore affixed to one of the trees a paper, declaring that, under the laws of *pre-emption*, he claimed 150 acres from the spot where his notice was suspended. He proceeded to inclose the ground, and his man Barnes being a good axe-man and possessed of unusual physical strength, soon prepared the wood needed for this purpose. In addition to Barnes, he was accompanied by a man named Thomas, and a judicious distribution of work was made amongst the party.

'I gave Barnes,' Mr. Marryat tells us, 'the woods and forests, which was not such a sinecure as it is here, as he had full employment for the winter in felling the redwoods, and splitting them into rails for enclosing the farm. Thomas undertook the "hewing and drawing," the cooking, and the internal cleanliness of the house; and this latter is very essential in mountain life. Take everything out of your hut daily and hang it in the sun; then, water well the floor; this drives away the vermin, which abound in the deer and hare skins; it also ensures you against scorpions and centipedes, which are apt to intro-

duce themselves into the firewood. It devolved on me to supply the larder, and the amount of exertion required for this duty varied considerably. One day an easy walk would bring me to a marsh, and a few shots from my double-barrelled gun would secure as many wild-ducks as we required; but on another I might be doomed, after a long journey, to extend myself over the carcase of a buck, and then, exposed to a glaring sun, unaided, flay my quarry and disembowel him, quarter him, and carry him home piece by piece, over four or five miles of successive cindery hills. I had no stout little pony with a shaggy mane and tail, such as one sees carrying home the deer in Landseer's splendid pictures. I had to take as much meat as I could "pick-a-back," or else leave it to the coyotes, who would appear in sight whilst I was yet at work on the carcase. If this part of a hunter's duty was entailed upon our fashionable deer-stalkers, many of the deer would reap the benefit, not so much by being flayed and carried home by members of the aristocracy, as in being left alone.—pp. 122-124.

The settlement of other emigrants in his neighbourhood, and an unmistakable intimation, that as he was not an American citizen he was not entitled to *squat* on the land he had chosen, induced our author to move forward with his companions towards the gold diggings. This brought him in contact with the Chinese, of whom considerable numbers have emigrated to California. The subjects of the Celestial Empire are no favorites with our author, who shows some inclination to the theory which would forcibly eject them from the land of their temporary sojourn. 'I believe,' he says, 'there are few men who have been thrown much among the Chinese who believe that many honest ones can be found among them; old Whampoa of Singapore, who gives champagne dinners in a most orthodox manner, may be one; but I confess, for my part, that from the Emperor down to the fellow in the blue shirt who begs in Piccadilly, and looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, I don't believe in them. They are a people whose natural propensities led them to cheat and whose natural cunning aids this object most materially.'

The recorded experience of such a man as Mr. Marryat merits attention. As thousands are repairing to the gold regions, it is of importance to note what he found most suited to the climate and other peculiarities of the country. The happiness of vast numbers is dependent on this, and many lives would unquestionably have been saved had the report of previous emigrants been regarded. In a vast number of cases, it has been found that the preparations made were better suited to our own country than to California. Reasoning from what is seen and felt at home, conclusions are formed which involve much needless expense and loss of life. Our author's testimony on this matter is very explicit. He speaks decidedly on many points,

and his conclusion, as being that of practical knowledge, is entitled to serious attention. It is not easy to imagine anything more disheartening to an emigrant than to find that the provision which he has made at a sacrifice of money he could ill-spare, and of comforts to which he had long been accustomed, and which, perhaps with great difficulty and at a costly sacrifice, he had transported to the scene of his operations, were utterly valueless ;—in fact, merely so much money, labor, anxiety, and time, expended in vain.

Iron houses constitute one of these provisions. Against them Mr. Marryat gives an unequivocal testimony. Under most circumstances he pronounces them to be a failure. 'I have sat,' he says, 'in churches made of iron, and have been glad to get out of them for that reason. I have thrown down my billiard-cue in disgust in iron club-houses, have paid my bill incontinently and left iron-hotels, and have lived in misery in an iron shooting-box of my own, which was supposed to be *very complete*.'

'I have seen so many metal and wooden houses thrown away (I have seen in one heap of rubbish the value of ten thousand pounds) that I would recommend to the emigrant of moderate means not to purchase either the one or the other. If new gold fields are discovered, as most probably they will be, and reports are rife of house-room commanding enormous prices there, never for all that let him take his shell out, snail-like, on his back ; let him take the money that would buy the house—the cash will be the scarcest article there, and will find him house-room and a profit too. Perhaps nowhere has my argument been better proved than in California. Large numbers of iron houses were shipped to that country when first reports arrived of the scarcity of building materials. Had they been capable of resisting fire they would perhaps have been less generally condemned ; but of those that were erected, not only did the thin corrugated houses first expand and then collapse, and tumble down with astonishing rapidity before the flames, but in the fire I have just recorded the American iron house of Taeffe and M'Cahill, of which the plates were nearly an inch in thickness, and the castings of apparently unnecessary weight, collapsed like a preserved-meat can, and destroyed six persons, who, believing it to be fire-proof, remained inside. And, in connexion with this subject, it is worthy of mention that when these houses arrived in California there was no one to be found who could put them together ; not but that the method is very simple, but simple things, as we all know, present great difficulties at times in their solution.—pp. 191, 192.

His first view of the diggings was far from answering to the picture drawn by the excited imagination of many of our countrymen. Few of those who leave us with the hope of rapidly accumulating wealth have any conception of the labor and privations which are involved in their adopted vocation. We

advise all who are contemplating a visit to the Californian or Australian gold-fields to look on the following sketch—

‘A turn of the road presented a scene of mining life, as perfect in its details as it was novel in its features. Immediately beneath us the swift river glided tranquilly, though foaming still from the great battle which, a few yards higher up, it had fought with a mass of black obstructing rocks. On the banks was a village of canvas that the winter rains had bleached to perfection, and round it the miners were at work at every point. Many were waist-deep in the water, toiling in bands to construct a race and dam to turn the river’s course; others were entrenched in holes, like grave-diggers, working down to the “bed rock.” Some were on the brink of the stream washing out “prospects” from tin pans or wooden “batteas;” and others worked in company with the long-tom, by means of water-sluices artfully conveyed from the river. Many were coyote-ing in subterranean holes, from which from time to time their heads popped out, like those of squirrels, to take a look at the world; and a few with drills, dissatisfied with nature’s work, were preparing to remove large rocks with gunpowder. All was life, merriment, vigour, and determination, as this part of the earth was being turned inside out to see what it was made of.’—pp. 234, 235.

The diggers require, of course, excitement. In many cases this is unhappily found in intoxication; but other modes of gratifying the prevalent passion are devised, and amongst these one of the most senseless and cruel is the bull and bear fight. The two animals are attached to each other by a rope, and the human spectators find cruel pleasure in seeing them attack and torture each other. Our author met with a strange adventure in connexion with one of these brutal exhibitions. He was sleeping in a canvas house at Campo Seco, a mining village in the southern mines. On the previous day (Sunday) there had been a fight between a grizzly bear and a cinnamon bear. Mr. Marryat knew nothing of the contiguity of either of these animals, but having composed himself for the night on some new blankets in the *store* of a friend, he was awoke about daylight by the moaning as of a man in pain. The moaning soon became deeper, and occasionally the canvas wall of his sleeping-place yielded as to some heavy pressure. Presently a smash of crockery and a tremendous roar were heard, on which the host, seizing his rifle, and placing a revolver in Mr. Marryat’s hand, rushed out of the house. Our author of course followed, and our readers will judge of his astonishment on finding that he had been sleeping in the immediate vicinity of the cinnamon bear, who, however, was fortunately chained to a strong stake. ‘Upon an after inspection of his chain,’ says Mr. Marryat, ‘I ascertained that its length would have admitted of his gratifying

his desire on my carcase had he tumbled through the canvas partition which had separated us for the night.'

The following picture of one of the towns of the gold district will convey probably a more accurate conception of the habits and character of the population than any lengthened description. We are not surprised at the picture. The scenes depicted are the natural growth of the country. Mammon is the one deity worshipped. To his temple men repair from all quarters of the globe, and his baneful influence, unchecked by the restraints of home and the teachings of Christianity, naturally leads to the excesses of which our author writes. The successful gold seekers have wealth to expend, and they freely part with it; whilst those who are disappointed seek relief in intemperance and gambling. All are intent on the pleasures of the hour; for this they live, and when the hour is passed, they die for the most part in penury and wretchedness. A rapid improvement is taking place, but the following sketch, taken so recently as 1851, is too faithful a portraiture to excite other emotions than those of pity and disgust:—

'It was dark when we entered Sonora; and as the habits of the people here are nocturnal, the evening may be said to have commenced as we alighted. It certainly had commenced, for Greenwich Fair might be spoken of as a sober picture of domestic life compared to the din and clamour that resounded through the main street of Sonora. On either side were gambling-houses of large dimensions but very fragile structure, built of a fashion to invite conflagration, though offering little of value to the devouring element when the invitation was accepted, which it was about every other night or so. In most of these booths and barns the internal decorations were very glittering; chandeliers threw a brilliant light on the heaps of gold that lay piled on each *monté* table, whilst the drinking bars held forth inducements that nothing mortal is supposed to be able to resist. On a raised platform is a band of music, or perhaps some Ethiopian serenaders, or if it is a Mexican saloon, a quartet of guitars; and in one house, and that the largest, is a piano, and a lady in black velvet who sings in Italian and accompanies herself, and who elicits great admiration and applause on account of the scarcity of the fair sex in this region.

'Each gambling house is full; some are crowded, and the streets are full also, for it is Saturday, a night on which the miners flock into Sonora, with the avowed intention of purchasing necessities for the ensuing week, and returning the same night; but, seduced by the city's blandishments, they seldom extricate themselves from its temples of pleasure until very early on the ensuing Monday morning, when they return to their *camps* and *long toms*,* and soothe their racking headaches by the discovery of chunks of gold.

* Gold washers.

'The Mexican population preponderates in Sonora and its vicinity, and nearly everything is stamped with their nationality. The gambling tables are surrounded by them; and, dirty fellows as they are, they are very picturesque at a distance with their slouch hats and long serapes. The American population, between whom and the Mexicans a rooted hatred exists, call the latter "greasers," which is scarcely a complimentary sobriquet, although the term "greaser camp," as applied to a Mexican encampment, is truthfully suggestive of the filth and squalor the passing traveller will observe there. Sonora has a large French population, and to this Gallic immigration is attributable the city's greatest advantages; for where Frenchmen are, a man can dine, which is very important. The *Trois Frères Provençaux*, has its namesake here, where good cooking and excellent light wines are at all times to be relied on; but where Frenchmen are, there are also good bakers; and there is, moreover, a great deal of singing and gaiety, and good humour, which is a pleasant contrast to the coarser hilarity of a generally very drunken population.

'The long bar of a saloon is always actively engaged, and the bar-keeper must be prepared for all demands in all languages. Here he serves a Mexican group with *agua diente*; now he allays a Frenchman's thirst with *absinthe*, in the pouring out of which he displays much art; again he attends with rapidity to the demands of four Americans, whose orders embrace respectively, a "gin-cocktail," a "brandy-straight," a "claret sangaree," and a "Queen Charlotte;" these supplied, he must respond with alacrity to the call of a cockney miner, whose demand is heard even above the surrounding din:

'Hain't you got no hale hor porter?'—pp. 261-264.

Every man carried arms, generally a Colt's revolver. From this fact, many will infer that life is unsafe, but our author says, 'This is not so; it is where all carry arms that quarrels are less rare and bullying less known than elsewhere, although the population may be more vitiated and intemperate than that of other countries.' This may possibly be the case, but the fact, operate as it may, speaks volumes respecting the *morale* of the population. An amusing illustration of the state of society is recorded in the case of two friends at San Francisco. Fire arms were carried universally, and it happened that one of them walking late at night through a dark street, was suddenly startled by being asked the time, with the utmost politeness. In a similar style to that in which he had been addressed, he presented the dial of his watch to the solitary light which the street contained, and allowing the muzzle of his revolver to rest upon it, he requested the stranger to ascertain the time for himself. This was accordingly done, and the *finale* shall be told in our author's own words. 'Both then prepared to depart, and for the first time the light fell on their faces; then these desperate fellows discovered that they were no burglars, but old acquaintances, who had dined in company on that very evening.'

Our space warns us that we must draw to a close, which we do with regret, as we have really found much amusement and a fair measure of information from Mr. Marryat's somewhat rattling, but not on that account less truthful pages. His own speculations, so far at least as money-getting was concerned, were not successful. 'Fortune,' he says, 'has ever snubbed me, but the jade does it so gently that I forgive her.' He entered seriously into three projects, and from each he derived more experience and wisdom than money. His spirits, however, never flagged, as our readers may judge from the following:—

'Agriculturally, architecturally, and mineralogically, I had been sported with by fate,—and the plough in the north, the steam-engine in the south, and the hotel in the middle, had each been accompanied by pecuniary loss. Yet the days I had passed had been very happy, and Philosophy said: "You have had health, and contentment, and warm friendship; and if these were purchasable, many would buy them of you for twenty times what you have lost in money!" To which I replied, "Very true, oh Philosophy! but had I taken my steam-engine to Russian River, and there applied its power to sawing red-woods, and had I with my plough turned up the fertile hills and valleys at Vallejo, and further, had I erected my hotel at Sonora, where it was much wanted, I might have still had the unpurchasable articles you allude to, and the money too." Upon which Philosophy, seeing me thus unreasonable, retired from the contest.'—pp. 370, 371.

Mr. Marryat has furnished several pictorial illustrations to his volume, which partake of the same character as his letter-press. There is a vein of caricature throughout them, which, while it diminishes somewhat confidence in our author as a guide, increases greatly the pleasure of his companionship. We shall be glad to meet him again, and if it should then appear that he has thought more gravely on the matters to which we have taken exception, the satisfaction of renewed intercourse will not be, on our part at least, diminished. We love the freshness and vivacity, the buoyant spirits and keen-eyed intelligence, the generous and truthful nature, which his volume bespeaks, and shall be glad to find these qualities ennobled by the yet higher element which genuine religion imparts.

ART. VII.—*Livret d'Homme de Troupe. Septième Bataillon de Chasseurs d'Orleans.* [Memorandum Book of a Man of the Troop of the Seventh Battalion of the Chasseurs of Orleans.] Paris: Dumaine, rue et passage Dauphine, 36.

2. *Camp and Barrack Room; or, the British Army as it is.* By a late Sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry. London: Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand. 1846.

THE emotions of grief and indignation with which the British people learned the condition of their army upon the heights above Sebastopol, during the late severe winter, will not have borne their proper fruits if they pass away and are forgotten prior to a reformation of the military system, on a basis of justice to soldiers. The British soldiers in the Crimea had won the admiration of the world by seizing the key of the enemy's position on the Alma, a mountain 400 feet high, armed with redoubts and masked batteries, and protected by a trench, a flaming village, and great masses of troops. The admiration excited by the Battle of the Alma was stimulated to enthusiasm by the defence of Balaklava, when the 93rd Highlanders repulsed in line 4000 Russian cavalry; and in fatal obedience to a regrettable order, the light cavalry of the Royal Guards under fire in front, in flank, and in rear, charged and traversed through and through the batteries and 3500 of the cavalry of the enemy. In the annals of war there are few battles fitted to strike the imagination more grandly than the defence of Inkerman. The silence of the early morning broken suddenly by the engagements of piquets, the taking and retaking of the cannon, and of the redoubt three times over, during a struggle maintained in a thick fog, from four to ten o'clock in the morning, by 8000 men against 60,000, until the French came up, not to save the British from defeat, but to share in the British victory. These great achievements had fastened the conviction in every mind that every soldier was a hero. The British people, however, when informed that young officers had been sleeping on beds of grass, soldiers in puddles without their kits, and generals under carts, or in their leather trunks, on the eve of the Battle of the Alma, and that the wounded lay two nights on the field after it, came to the conclusion rapidly that there was a want of head somewhere. Much as they love their lords they have an instinctive feeling of their defects, and they set about, therefore, forthwith to provide for the soldiery, by sending them presents, of course by unsafe hands, of flannel jackets, mitts, books, stockings, comforters, and plum-puddings! The anticipations of the sufferings of the heroes were too

truly justified by revelations of privations, disease, and death ;—of aristocratic negligence, official incapacity, and consequent horrors, surpassing the forebodings of the most dismal imaginations. A commander-in-chief, with a nobly-born staff, were seen enjoying themselves in a snug mansion while the soldiers around them in tents on the bleak mountain heights shivered through the night in a single blanket on the wet ground, and got up in the bitter January mornings, in their ragged summer clothes, to work in the trenches. The soldiers returned at nightfall from the muddy trenches to eat half-rations of biscuits and salt pork, and try in vain to roast their green coffee. Officers and privates were found dead of cold in the trenches and on the roadsides, and an army of 54,000 men dwindled down to 28,000, according to official admission, and to 14,000 bayonets, if we are to credit the statements which were generally found most truthful. The deaths were variously estimated from fifty to one hundred a day, and official personages protested they had never amounted to a thousand a week. The hospitals were said to be full of filth and foul air. There are thousands of brave youths in the British Islands whose hearts would have leaped up at the prospect of encountering the dangers of the Battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman. In truth, however, the dangerous things in the war are neither bayonets, nor bullets, nor bombs, they are patrician airs, lordly incapacity, official routine, and oligarchical self-sufficiency, producing fevers, dysentery, and diarrhoea. Three generals, the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Cardigan, and Sir De Lacy Evans, have returned from the seat of war, and delivered speeches to their countrymen, in which they observe an ominous silence in regard to Lord Raglan, his staff, and his commissariat, while vying with each other in eulogies of their men. In substance, Lord Cardigan said his guardsmen would follow wherever their officers would lead them ; Sir De Lacy Evans declared no young army ever did more memorable things ; while the Royal Duke with an amiable frankness, avowed he had been acting as a general, but there had been no generalship, for all the engagements were soldiers' battles, and all the successes soldiers' victories.

No doubt the catastrophe was attended with attenuating circumstances. The British, although the less numerous army, had undertaken the heaviest work of the war. On the Alma they encountered the greatest numbers and the most formidable obstacles, and at Inkerman they were many more hours and much more severely engaged than their allies, and on both occasions the British loss doubled the loss of the French. Always most exposed to the enemy, they were assigned before Sebastopol the worst harbour, and the encampment farthest from their

stores. The hurricane of the 14th of November sunk the vessels containing the winter clothing of the British troops, and strewed the beach with the provender of their horses. Destitute of warm clothes, the army suffered from cold, and was obliged to borrow 10,000 great coats from the French; and the hay and corn having been lost, the horses died; and there was no means of transporting the provisions, huts, and fuel, rotting upon the beach to the men who were shivering, starving, and perishing, seven miles off in the camp. Like all climates remote from the equalizing influences of the currents of the Gulf Stream, the climate of the Crimea is liable to sudden changes, the fiercest frosts and snows of winter having intervening days of springlike mildness, and the British who have no experience of such weather would suffer more from it than the French accustomed in France to a similar climate. But there was much mismanagement. The commanding officer, by his personal activity, and on his own responsibility, did not do all he could to lessen the misfortune. The officials, in rigid obedience to routine, would not allow the soldiers to use the wrecks of the vessels thrown on the beach to supply the want of firewood, and Lord Raglan was not on the spot to interpose his authority in favour of common sense and common humanity. Medical officers declared it took them nine days of formalities to obtain an additional blanket for a sick man. A newspaper correspondent publishes his readiness to *prove* that a general, in reply to an application for tea for a regiment instead of the useless coffee, said, '—— the tea and —— the coffee, they are both the same.' The port of Balaklava was full of confusion, for want of the most simple arrangements for loading and re-loading vessels, and announcing their arrivals, their cargoes, and departures. The sick had to wait in the rain on the beach for boats to take them to the ships, and when the ships arrived in the vicinity of Scutari they had to lie off shore for days, for want of conveyances to the hospital. The persons appointed to provide provisions displayed the greatest possible ignorance of the effects of diet on the human constitution, and neglected due supplies of fresh meat and vegetables. Contrast embittered all the sufferings of the British army. The French were comparatively well provided for; they were numerous enough for their duties; their provisions and apparel were distributed regularly; they were allowed to help themselves to fuel wherever they could find it; promotions and crosses of the Legion of Honour were showered upon them by their general on the spot; every officer received presents from the Emperor and Empress; and the constant activity and solicitude of their general showed itself visibly and daily in every part of their camp. The French soldier himself, moreover, is a comrade, while the English soldier is an individual;

and while of the English soldiers in a tent every one is for himself, self-reliant, self-contained, and solitary,—the dozen or fifteen French soldiers in their tent are a partnership with all things in common, and acting all for each, and each for all. The French soldiers had their ration of cognac every morning against the cold, and a second *capote*, which served as a mantle, against the rain; their sentinels had gaiters and great coats of sheep-skins; and if the wind was too strong, their hats were replaced by Turkish caps.

Finding themselves already at Varna masters of the sea, and desirous of taking Sebastopol, their position seems to have suggested to the allies the idea—of making the Crimea their battle-field with Russia. The Crimea is inhabited by Tartars, who have been only seventy years under the Russian yoke. The most remote, fertile, and beautiful portion of the Russian empire, this peninsula is easy of access by sea, difficult of access by land, and capable of being cut off from communication with the seat of the Russian government by a military and naval occupation of the town and canal of Perecop and the Sea of Azoff. A most singular proof of the ignorance with which the allies commenced their enterprise was furnished by the credence they gave to the hoaxing dispatch which announced the fall of Sebastopol,—Lord Aberdeen confirming the good news to the citizens of Aberdeen and Louis Napoleon proclaiming it to his army at Boulogne.

A fatal consequence of a vicious representative system is to fill the offices of the administration with men ignorant of everything but parliamentary knowledge. An ambassador who long represented one of the great powers at the court of St. James's, and who owed his position to his scholarship and his ability, without the aids of birth or fortune, used to express freely and illustrate amusingly his astonishment at the ignorance of everything continental of the late Sir Robert Peel and the present Lord John Russell. Of late years our ministers have themselves often proclaimed their own ignorance. Every one of them was surprised at the downfall of Louis Philippe and the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, although both events had been proved to be probabilities by hundreds of thoughtful observers and public journalists. In 1852, Lord Palmerston was ignorant of what the journals of Paris publicly avowed: the regulation by the government of the quotations of the funds at the Bourse. When Lord John Russell commenced the war with boastful eloquence about taking Sebastopol, and about his own willingness to bear his share of the responsibility (he has himself since declared), he would have considered it an absurdity if any one had foretold him the fate of the British expedition—a fate which appears to him inexplicable and mysterious. After long brooding, during nights made sleep-

less by the sufferings of our countrymen, over the speeches of the noble lord and his associates, we have often found no other relief to our feelings than a cry to heaven—‘Oh God of mercy, be merciful to our country!’ The advisers of her Majesty were ignorant of the common lot of soldiers. The proverbial truth that armies suffer immensely more from maladies than from enemies, the lesson of all wars, had been illustrated by the histories of the British Legion in Spain, and of British armies in India, in their own time, and before their own eyes, without their perceiving it. Any intelligent sergeant who had suffered with the 78th Highlanders at Sukkur in India, or with the British Legion at Vitoria in Spain, could have given them all lessons, which, if they had had the modesty to become his pupils, would have saved millions of money and thousands of invaluable lives. The poetical account of a soldier’s death is indeed to die—

‘—— with his back to the field, and his feet to the foe,
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.’

The medical and statistical accounts of the death of the soldier are, however, somewhat different, and prove undeniably that he generally dies of dysentery. Nothing unusual has happened in the Crimea. The minister who did not foresee it only showed his ignorance of the A B C of war. The extraordinary degree of this ignorance, and the usual indifference of British general-officers for their men, aggravated by circumstances, have been brought by a brighter light of publicity within the range of more general and more popular sympathies, and this is all. The Peninsular campaigns are now spoken of as if, forsooth, they had been models of good management for the officers and men. The late Sir Charles James Napier says, in his book on the Ionian Islands—‘When the Duke of Wellington chased Massena from Portugal, I was three days without food. The first day was anything but agreeable; the second convinced me of the close alliance that there is between honour and an oven; and on the third day I would, for a biscuit, have voted for the Duke of Newcastle himself!’ During life we have enjoyed the conversations of old soldiers and sailors of all ranks, and shall never forget their narratives. An old Peninsular serjeant told us in our boyhood he had known many a man, driven by the indifference and negligence of his officers, to load his musket, and placing the barrel in his mouth and his great toe upon the trigger, blow out his brains. ‘What,’ we asked, ‘is it because they flog and insult you?’ and he replied—‘No, it is not so much for that—they do not care for you.’ Parliamentary corruption and military disasters have always in our annals been

related to each other as cause and effect ; witness—Carthage, Calabria, Walcheren, Buenos Ayres, New Orleans, the American war, and the Crimea.

The truth is, we fear, that public opinion is perverted in Great Britain on military affairs, to a degree incompatible with the national safety. Nelson on the sea and Wellington on the land had inspired such an exaggerated sense of superiority, that for forty years, without thinking of improvement, we have done nothing but grumble at the national debt, and grudge the cost of the army and navy. This Joseph Hume cry of the public instinct has, by the way, been perfectly justified by the events, for undoubtedly there was in the circumstances nothing wiser to be done than to keep as much money as possible out of the wasteful and itching palms of the military officials.

Oliver Cromwell is the author of the British war system. He exemplified it himself on the field, and his cousin, Oliver St. John, applied it to warfare on the ocean. It was based on merit. Admiral Blake, who displayed it on the sea, began life a common sailor before the mast; and several of Cromwell's generals rose from the ranks. Courage, intelligence, and piety purchased their promotions. The French Republicans of 1793, when they organized the armies which repulsed all Europe from their frontiers, imitated the heroes of the English Commonwealth in the principles on which they formed the armies which founded civil and religious liberty in the British Islands. Every great British soldier and sailor has for two centuries, consciously or unconsciously, been trained according to the Cromwellian traditions. The preference of quality to number; the reserving of their shot until they could fire near, and the charging with the bayonet, the sabre, and the cutlass, with the determination to die on the spot to the last man, are practices introduced into the art of war by Oliver Cromwell, and which were first displayed by his Ironsides. The ideas which Oliver Cromwell expounded to his incredulous cousin, John Hampden, not merely gained Marston Moor, Naseby, and Dunbar—they won Waterloo and Trafalgar. Nelson generally reserved his broadsides until he had hold of the enemy's ships with his grappling-irons. 'Plan,' answered Wellington at a critical moment at Waterloo, 'I have no plan except to die here to the last man.' When Colonel Oliver Cromwell charged up hill to the relief of Gainsborough, he told his Ironsides they must not fire a shot until the shoulders of their horses touched the shoulders of the enemy's cavalry. When Sir Colin Campbell led the Highlanders across the river, across the trench, through the flames, and up the mountain to the concealed batteries at the Alma, he told them they must not mind the shot which flew like sheets of lead, and must not

discharge their muskets until they were within thirty paces of the enemy.

The corruption of the Cromwellian military system dates from the Restoration. Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and his soldiers formed the Royal Guards, and peculiar privileges and favours have been inherited by these corps in memory of their perfidy to the Commonwealth. The parliamentary oligarchies formed by the Walpoles, Pelhams, Cavendishes, and others have by little and little increased the abuses.

The British purchase and half-pay arrangements, the beginning and end of one system, form a curious exemplification of the commercial spirit in military affairs ;—a strange combination of the Court and the Stock Exchange. The piquancy of this manifestation becomes striking in the privileged regiments of Guards. The purchase of a commission in the Guards is a good investment. A correspondent of the 'Times' finds sixty-two connexions of the peerage in the Grenadier Guards. In this regiment are relatives and connexions of Lords Congleton, Holland, Besborough, Albemarle, Granville, Rokeby, Cardigan, Harborough, Hardinge, Raglan, Derby, Burlington, &c. ; of the Marquises of Bute, and Thomond, &c. ; and the Dukes of Buccleugh, Richmond, Devonshire, &c. Money and interest have been known to make men lieutenant-colonels in seven years. From a return printed by the House of Commons in 1833, it appeared that an officer of cavalry in the Guards obtained the rank of a lieutenant-colonel in six years after he joined the army, and the command of a regiment when he had only been six years and five months on full pay in the service. The rank of lieutenant-colonel while young is the object of these noble soldiers ; they know they cannot possibly all obtain commands, and few of them continue to serve ; but they secure by this rank their promotions, and their half-pay gives them a fair return for their money. The basis of the whole business is an insurance and stock exchange calculation. A commission in the Guards is a courtly connexion and a comfortable investment. It is a beefeater's place made fashionable. They take their turns at Dublin, Windsor, or London, and never of the frosts of Canada, or the flame-breezes of India. They roughed it indeed in the Peninsula, in Belgium, and in the Crimea, but generally they have permanent establishments in London, and they have never been subject to sudden removals, while uncertain of time and place. Their ensigns rank with lieutenants and their captains with lieutenant-colonels. A battalion of the line supplies *two*, and one of the Guards (two companies weaker), *ten* to the list of generals. The Guards thus furnish more than half the general officers ; their seven battalions supplying seventy, while 106 battalions of the Line give 126. The

per centage of the casualties of officers in the Line to officers of the Guards is four to one, and when the comparison is made between them and officers in India, the per centage of casualties is eight to one in favour of the Royal Guards. It would appear the more noble an officer is the less he risks his life for his country; and the nearer he is to the Court, the farther is he from giving the last proof of loyalty. Four thousand pounds a-year is allotted to the officers of the Guards, to enable them to entertain themselves and their friends with banquets whenever they mount guard at the Palace. Two-thirds of them are generally absent on leave; they report to the Gold Stick instead of the Commander-in-Chief; and under the commanding officer and adjutant, all the duties are performed by the sergeants, the officers having only to fall into rank and walk with their swords drawn on parade. It is thus they play at soldiers in the courtly and fashionable circles!—But then you know *they* are gentlemen!

Balaklava. We shall not be stopped by this word, whoever may have used it in a school-boy declamation. Russia could not lay out money to more advantage than in paying orators to praise the charge of the Light Cavalry at Balaklava. Lord Cardigan says, he thought the order regrettable at the time, and Lords Lucan and Raglan are condemned for giving it; British and French officers saying the order could neither have been given nor obeyed by generals who understood their business. It was a brilliant imbecility. 'Why,' said a Polish officer, in raptures of admiration, 'it was like our Honveds,' and, we thought, with a shudder, as we regarded the exile, would end, if repeated, in like success. In the Peninsula the Guards were never in the brunt of battle but at Talavera, where they sustained great loss from following the enemy too far. 'Their fault,' said a general in 1835, 'is overbravery;—as they do not know warfare well enough to execute their orders at the least cost.' Balaklava is a repetition of Talavera, and it will be curious if the clamours of noblemen determined to have plenty of generals and few casualties in their families, compel the Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, like his predecessor in the Peninsula, to preserve the Guards from their fair share of the dangers of the war. Honourable and noble Cadogans, Forbeses, Hays, Foresters, Lindsays, Curzons, Pouletts, Gordons, Stanleys, Dormers, Percys, Bruces, and Stuarts, evince their superiority in nobility and loyalty by obtaining good interest for their money, and half the highest grades; by pastime instead of warfare; by exemption from bad climates; by excellent banquets; and a share of ten to two of the promotions, and one to eight of the casualties. This induction shows clearly the characteristics of those who are *par excellence* officers and gentlemen!

The Report on the Army and Navy, published by the House of Commons in 1833, gives a curious illustration of the commercial sharpness of the heroic warriors of the aristocracy. In 1821, the serving officers who obtained promotions bore a third of the expense of the additional general officers, which amounted in seven years to £13,000. But in 1828 they brought an action against the Treasury which was not defended; and thus, while preserving their promotions, recovered the money they had consented to pay to obtain them. History proves how ill the calculations of the battle-field accord with the talents of these gentlemen, but it is clear they would be very formidable in their natural element among the bulls, bears, and stags of the Stock Exchange. Gentlemen!

The stockbroking shrewdness, which is the basis of the honourable calculations and noble speculations involved in the purchase of a commission in the Guards, by warriors possessed of wealth and interest, assumes a character of incredible baseness in the case of the clothing colonel. The report of 1833 states the emoluments of the colonel of the 1st Foot Guards at £4133 11s. 4d. Of the £1220 a-year which, at least, the colonel of a regiment of the Guards derives from his regiment, half comes from supplying bad clothes to the men, charged as good to the public, and replaced by other and better raiment, which is paid for by stoppages from the pay of the privates. When the Liverpool Financial Reform Association published this fact, Major-General Sir William F. P. Napier called it false. His proof was an argumentation about inspections and checks. He had just been appointed colonel of the 27th Regiment! Mr. Robertson Gladstone, in reply, proved that the clothes supplied were £75,000 a-year worse than the country pays for. Moreover, the far more serious fact was established that—'When a regiment goes abroad, becomes sickly, and is thinned by death, the clothing colonel to whom it belongs, and who remains at home, receives the money not required for dead or sick men as his own emolument;'—a statement which receives a dark and sinister significance from the tragedy upon the heights above Sebastopol. The more the men died, the more the noble and chivalrous colonel profited. But Sir William Napier tells us the colonels are neither dealers in clothes nor in horses, nor men enriched by disease, disaster, or death, but gentlemen and British gentlemen!

The recent revelations of the brutal manners of British officers in barracks forced the 'Times' to embody the public opinion in the proposition that henceforth no officer could be assumed to be a gentleman until he proved it. In fact, the rule has always been universal, and no profession nor rank could ever make a

gentleman; a title which kings do not obtain when their manners do not justify it. No doubt there are many officers of gentlemanly manners, but education has always been deemed essential to a gentleman, and many British officers, it is also true, have obtained a peculiar renown in orthography! We have been honoured with the friendship of officers of the highest intelligence, and we have seen a document drawn up and signed by a body of officers with bad grammar in every sentence and an ill-spelt word in every line; and we possess a letter from an officer of the Guards, of a ducal family, in which the ill-spelt words are still more numerous. Moreover, the gentlemanly and intelligent officers proclaim with one voice the deplorable condition of their profession.

The degrading military system of England and the advocates of passive resistance have spread an impression of some necessary connexion between soldiering and demoralization. Oliver Cromwell showed the contrary. He made his camp a school, a college, a place of worship. The heroic Independents of his army were men of great intellectual and moral acquirements, and profound reasoners in debate as well as Ironsides in battle. They were masterly disputants on questions of history, philosophy, and government; and in theology were the worthy disciples of the greatest divines, such as Owen, Baxter, and Howe. The culture spread in the Puritan army remains in an immortal form in the works of John Bunyan, who entered its ranks a debauched tinker, and acquired in it the education of his genius and the elevation of a martyr. When the Ironsides entered the pulpits of Edinburgh to preach, laying their pistols and helmets down upon the seats behind them, the amazement of their Presbyterian audiences was generally changed into admiration at the erudition and eloquence of these common troopers.

The motto on the coat-of-arms of Oliver Cromwell was:—*Pax queritur Bello*: 'Peace is sought by war.' In the divine Sermon on the Mount, the founder of Christianity enjoins his disciples not to resist evil, and specifies the evil which is to be received with submission, as assault and legal spoliation, a blow on the cheek, a fraud of a coat. Afterwards, the teacher of this lesson told his disciples to sell their clothes to buy swords, and when two were brought He said, 'They are enough;' and one of his disciples cut off the right ear of the servant of the High Priest. Who among us presents the left cheek after the right? Who gives his cloak when defrauded of his coat? Why buy swords if not to resist assault? Did Jesus Christ teach one thing upon a mountain in Galilee and a different upon the Mount of Olives? Is it not more logical, modest, and reasonable,

to search for the mind of the Founder of Christianity by looking both these exhibitions of it in the face than by patching together phrases torn from their context in favour of a non-resistance which nobody has ever put in practice? The lesson of the Mount of Olives asserted the duty of meeting the sword with the sword; and the lesson upon the mountain in Galilee the duty of superiority to personal injuries when teaching Christianity. It is the 'Strike, but hear' of the noble Athenian. A broad and faithful induction from facts and precepts teaches the Christian to be a man of peace by overcoming evil with good, animosity by kindness, the sword by the sword, war by war, and is admirably resumed in the motto of the chief of the Ironsides,—*Pax quæritur Bello*.

The historical fact is that the world has never known any peace which has not been won by war. If Protestants had not conquered in the field, in the persons of Gustavus Adolphus, Marlborough, and others, they would never have lived a year in peace from the Roman Catholics; and if Oliver Cromwell had not triumphed, there would have been no more Nonconformity in London than there is Protestantism in Rochelle.

The military despotisms are careful to breed soldiers as instruments of aggression. In the war which we are now waging the first deficiency which shows itself is a want of men to become soldiers. The territorial oligarchy of the British Islands have laboured successfully to make them what they are, 'the isles of the blest' for country gentlemen. The British Islands could easily maintain a population of 35,000,000, furnishing military resources equalling those of France. All the schemes for descents upon the British coasts which have fermented in the brains of Frenchmen have been based upon the disaffectation of the Roman Catholics, the numerical inferiority of the population available as soldiers, and the oligarchical abuses of the army. As if to encourage these schemes of invasion, the landed oligarchy have, during more than a century, devoted themselves to depopulation and extermination. Whenever a cottage has become empty, they have pulled it down to drive the people into the towns. In Ireland and the Highlands the clearing system has been ruthlessly pursued. The newspapers, for example, tell us that scarcely any men have been found to enter into the Sutherlandshire Militia. Prior to the clearings, this county furnished one of the most distinguished of the Highland regiments. Fertile valleys have been turned into deserts, and where thousands of brave men were reared, there are flocks of sheep. Our knowledge of the affair has been gained upon the spot. The clearings were effected by cruelty, and the results which we witnessed in 1844 were deserts

through which we travelled for several days; and on the sea coasts a misery precisely similar to what we had previously seen in Ireland. All land is given as property by the sovereign king or legislature, on the condition of nourishing the population necessary for the defence of the State. Sismondi and Sir Walter Scott saw in the clearing system, chiefs of clans cruel and faithless to their kinsmen, and disloyal to their country. The British oligarchy have by their ruthless rapacity weakened their country as a military power; while Russia, Prussia, Austria, and France have changed the tenure of property, and made the production of soldiers a supreme object of the State. Prussia and France seized the lands of the clergy and nobility, and made a new distribution of them more favourable to the national safety. Austria and Russia have adopted a system of military colonies. About a century ago, Maria-Theresa assigned lands upon the frontiers of Hungary and Transylvania to certain thousands of poor families upon the condition of furnishing soldiers to the Austrian armies. The Prussian and Austrian military colonies can supply on short notice the men of an organized army. Austria has immense establishments for breeding horses, which pay their own expenses; but in this country free-trade may be safely entrusted with the supply of horses. The men who occupy the best positions for instructing public opinion in Parliament have of late years fallen into such gross errors that their authority it is to be hoped will in future be insufficient to prevent the public from pondering the facts of the writers who have told them; steam has bridged the channel, the Continental navies are relatively immeasurably more powerful than they were in the days of Nelson, and if Great Britain is to remain free, our policy must be greatly modified.

With a military system as bad as the English, France would not have a single soldier. But all Frenchmen are equal before the law, and equally eligible to all offices, civil, ecclesiastical, and military. The last twenty-five years have been the reign of Nepotism in Great Britain. Merit never was at a greater discount. Even during the last century it was a proverb in the navy, that the admirals entered their ships by the hawse-holes, and passed by the fore-castle to the quarterdeck. We do not know of the existence of a single officer in the British navy at present who entered it as a common sailor; yet wonder is expressed that our sailors desert into the United States' navy! Even prior to the French revolution, two soldiers, Fabert and Chevert, became generals; but no such promotions have occurred in England, we believe, since the Revolution. The east coast of Scotland has furnished the Russian empire with an admiral and two marshals, Admiral Greg and Marshals Keith and Barclay de Tolendal. Admiral Greg left

Aberdeen a cabin-boy, and Marshal Barclay had been a "herd laddie." Among the youth of this district it was a common saying, that 'a Scotchman had a better chance of fair play in Russia than he could find in the south among the pock-pudding English.' Nearly every Scotch boy received the rudiments of an education superior in essentials to the education of Oxford or Cambridge, and did not see why he might not have a fair field and no favour in the race for any object of honourable ambition under the sun. During the first French Republic and Empire it became a proverb, that 'every soldier carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack.' During ten centuries of the Bourbon monarchy, only two soldiers had risen to be generals, while during ten years of the Empire twenty-four common soldiers became marshals;—a groom became King of Naples; a lawyer's clerk, King of Sweden; and of four sons of an attorney, three became Kings of Spain, Holland, and Westphalia, and the fourth the Emperor of the French.

The French soldier enters the army either as a conscript, a substitute, or a volunteer. Conscription is an evil in itself, more than counterbalancing a hundred-fold all the disadvantages, faults, and injustice of the British military system. Fathers and mothers of families feel themselves robbed of their sons. It is a curious sight to pass in a French *Mairie* from the office in which deaths are recorded and funerals ordered into the adjoining office, in which a collection of nurses and mothers may be seen with newly-born babies, waiting for the registration of their births. Twenty years after, the surviving boys among these babies await with anxiety the most serious consequence of the registration—the drawing of their numbers from the military lottery. Every conceivable device has been practised to escape the fatal chance. Defects of all kinds have been simulated. During the time of the first Napoleon a sharp look-out was kept up to prevent lads escaping abroad; and it is a very serious offence for a French youth to cheat the conscription. Nothing can exceed the dark look of bitterness with which French fathers talk of the conscription; or the shiver with which they mention the drawing of their sons; and of course in the female sex, in the hearts of sisters and mothers, this feeling is intensified to agony. Although by law the only son of a widow is exempt, in a case which recently came under our notice, the son of a political prisoner at Cayenne was drawn after the death of his father, but prior to the arrival of the news in Paris; and no effort or interest which the poor widowed mother could employ was of any avail to procure his discharge from the army. When told there is no conscription in Great Britain, French women exclaim, 'Oh, what a happy country!' As for the conscripts themselves, they assume a gaiety of appear-

ance whether they feel it or not, and rove about the streets tipsy and noisy, with their bad numbers in large figures on a paper stuck up in the front of their caps, which are flaunting all round with tricolour ribbons. The effect, and probably the intention of the display, is to give the spectators the impression, that it is only a foolish and worthless lad who has been withdrawn from the useful and peaceful pursuits of society, to become provender for cannon.

Just now in war time a substitute costs £160. Prudent, provident, and frugal families commence laying by their savings to buy off their sons, the moment of their birth. The substitute is a soldier who has served his seven years as a conscript, and who has been induced by the dislike of civil life, or by the money he receives to re-engage himself for another seven years. Hitherto there has been a regular trade in substitutes. Certain trading companies have undertaken to provide them for prices varying according to the market. The substitute generally spends his money in debauchery, which makes him a bad character for the rest of his life. The substitutes are guilty of a great proportion of the offences committed in the French army. The trading companies often break without providing the substitutes they have received payment for ; and an evil odour of swindling and profligacy surrounds them. The present government propose to take substitution or *remplacement* into their own hands, and to supply substitutes on regular terms and at fixed rates. The substitute is to receive very little money on re-engaging himself, and the bulk of the sum is to be kept as a deposit to be delivered up to him on his final discharge, or in case of his death to whoever he may name as his heir. The surplus and profits of the transaction are to be accumulated and thrown into a fund to supply a pension of twelve or twenty pounds a year to old soldiers.

The French volunteer is either a poor lad who has no other resource against starvation, or a young man in good circumstances with a passion for the military profession. The other day a poor lad, apprehended for vagabondage, said, 'It is not my fault. I never knew either my father or my mother, I have no friends, and I have no trade, and I wish to become a soldier.' Cases occur of young men of wealth, family, and title, entering the army as private soldiers. When Louis Napoleon made his first triumphful entry into the Tuileries, a son of Prince Murat, in the garb of a private soldier, was a conspicuous person in his *cortége*.

The French volunteer, substitute, or conscript receives on joining his regiment a little note-book, called a *livret*. This book contains a list of everything he receives from the military stores,

and a precise account of the condition of each article. All the punishments to which he is liable are stated in his *livret*, and every offence of which he can possibly be guilty. Nothing is left dark. Nothing is left to caprice. He commences his career with a knowledge of his position, his duties and dangers, punishments and rewards, as complete as can be conveyed by words. He cannot be made the victim of impositions for shattered stocks or barrack repairs. The number of every article he possesses is taken down, and a statement is made of how long it ought to last. Every quarter every article is inspected, and on such things as coats and great coats, a stamp is impressed, which proves and records every quarter of use of the article. His captain regularly audits and signs his accounts.

An individual case will bring out saliently the condition of the French conscript. A *chasseur d'Orleans*, whose *livret* or notebook lies before us, with the burn of the bullet upon its parchment cover, which it fortunately turned aside, shall be our illustration. He was drawn in 1846, when he was twenty, but was not required to join the army until 1848. He served three years in France, in Algeria, and at Rome. On turning to the page which records his practice at the target, we find he commenced his theoretical instruction on the 19th May, 1848; was admitted among the third-class shots on the 4th June; among the second-class in April, 1849; and into the first in July, 1850, and March 1851. His instruction in the school of the soldier, and in the schools for the *peloton* and *bataillon* exercises, was accomplished in five months, from May to October, 1848. In two years he passed through the three grades of merit in the gymnastic exercises. He knew how to read and write; and was able to follow the lectures in the regimental schools. He finished his seven years on the 31st December, 1853; but he obtained leave of absence on finding a substitute on the 19th December, 1851. Three years' absence from his family had made him a disciplined soldier at the age of twenty-five. Until he is forty-five a few weeks' drill will always suffice to revive his military accomplishments. His case gives us a glimpse by the way of the military resources of France. Twenty times 80,000, make 1,600,000 disciplined men;—deduct deaths and disablements, add the National Guard, when it exists, and a navy as numerous as our own, and we find we must reckon the trained men among our neighbours by millions—say 4,000,000 in time of peace! The draft is 160,000 in time of war. Three years' drill in the army would not ruin a man for civil life, if not accompanied with debauchery. Unfortunately, however, one of the causes why the French soldiers are small and ugly, and the population is doubled only once in 135 years, is the systematized vice of the army.

Napoleon Bonaparte subjected to legal system what Oliver Cromwell punished with death. The severity of the Puritans may appear cruel, and Malthusian philosophers may regard with complacency the smallness of French families, but since the rise of Puritanism the language of 5,000,000 Britons has spread over the whole world. Three centuries have increased the four English nations, English, Scotch, Irish, and Americans, to 60,000,000, and if the ratio of multiplication continues, before the French have doubled their numbers, the nations speaking English will equal the whole of the population actually on the globe.

The English soldier is always a volunteer. Dire misfortunes or peculiar circumstances may occasionally drive a young man from the middle class families into the ranks; but the case is rare. Mr. Alexander Somerville describes himself and a comrade mounting up to the top of one of the highest houses in Edinburgh, to reach the lodgings of a sergeant of the Scots Greys to be enlisted. The sergeant had but one shilling, which his wife declared could not be made legally sufficient for two recruits. She went and borrowed a second shilling, and on her return one shilling was given to each of the aspirants, and they became forthwith soldiers in a regiment which the imaginations of Scottish youths invest with much romance. When the author of 'The Camp and Barrack Room' describes his enlistment in the 13th Light Infantry, he says—'A shilling was placed in my hand, and I was a soldier; one of the gallant 13th! the illustrious heroes of Ghuznee, Julgah, and Jugdulluk, and many other well-fought fields. What Paynim metamorphosis was ever effected quicker!' The sergeant conducts the recruit to an officer, who receives them in his back kitchen, where he has erected a machine for ascertaining the exact height of the recruit. From the officer they pass to the medical inspector, who in his turn makes the recruit aware of his position in society by ordering his servant to show them into his back kitchen. The ground may be covered with snow, in the severest cold of winter, but the recruit is ordered to strip naked on a damp brick floor, and undergo his medical examination. The medical man knows quite well, although he does not choose to care for it, that such a chill is a frequent cause of colic or dysentery. As the recruit issues shivering from the house of the doctor, the sergeant recommends raw spirits as a remedy; and thus the first military lessons are learned—of his insignificance in the eyes of his officers; of their indifference to his health; and of alcohol as his restorative. Every one who has voyaged on our coast in steamers must have observed, near the fore-castle, wooden sheds, littered with straw, which have been knocked up to shelter recruits on their voyage from Dublin or Leith to

Chatham. The expression of the countenances of the recruits is something never to be forgotten ; an expression which they have in common with Negro slaves, Russian serfs, and domesticated dogs. Sailors and steerage passengers are surveyed by the recruits with looks which express submission, and implore protection. Mr. Alexander Somerville says the recruits are surrounded by crimps, who try to persuade them to exchange their respectable clothes for filthy rags prior to entering the barracks. According to the author of 'The Camp and Barrack Room,' the recruits and young soldiers are subjected to impositions by the subaltern officers at Chatham. Old firelocks are put into their hands, which they must infallibly damage, and they are heavily mulcted for the repair of stocks already shattered. On one occasion he spent four days at Chatham, and fourpence was charged each man of his detachment for barrack damages. The Chatham harpies, he calculates, rob a few hundred soldiers in this way of as much as three hundred pounds a year.

When a French soldier is a sergeant prior to the expiry of his first seven years, he has every inducement to re-engage himself, as he is sure of becoming an officer, and probably a captain, before he is six and thirty or forty years of age. By law, two of every three lieutenants must be chosen from among the subaltern officers ; the third nomination alone belongs to the Government, and is bestowed upon the best pupils of the military schools. Promotion afterwards goes by seniority, and with the years the elevation must come. Off duty the subaltern officer does not associate with the privates, but with the officers. Eighty or a hundred pounds a year of pension, and a position among the *bourgeoisie* of his country, do not seem bad things for a French soldier to retire upon into a French village before the prime of life is past, and while the grey hairs are not prominent enough in his beard to prevent him from finding a comely partner with a small fortune, to share his cottage, his garden, and his old soldiering stories. The English soldier enlists for a much longer term, and obtains a pension of sixpence a day. His military service unfits him for working at his trade. He is often an old man at forty, and his pension is not a compensation for his inferiority in skill and strength to his brother workmen. The British sergeant on half-pay is not much better off. He may keep a small public-house ; or his wife may open a small shop ; or he may teach fencing ; or drill young ladies in walking ; or eke out an existence any way he can ; but he feels bitterly his talent has not had any fair play. He sees porters, saddlers, ploughmen, printers, drapers, clerks, carters who have become members of Parliament. *Here* is a shepherd who owns princely flocks, and *there* a sailor possessing numerous fleets. Men who

began life with a look-out similar to his own have, by almost every trade and path, raised themselves and their families; their daughters are married into the highest ranks, and their sons live upon the rents of their estates. He has been under fire many times; he has been frugal in his habits, and has subdued his passions, and disciplined his life within the sternest rules; but he remains in the lowliest grades of life, and his sons leave him to enter humble trades, and his daughters to become domestic servants. Every man on the Alma and at Inkerman was a hero, and the reward of most of the survivors has been death by famine, fever, cold, or dysentery; and when the shattered remnants of the heroic legions shall return to their generous country, they will only be old pensioners! The promotion of a single man in each regiment to be an officer, is the only improvement a liberal Government could venture on in the last half of the nineteenth century! The recommendation from the battle-field of a general of division has not as yet made Sergeant Sullivan an ensign! On leaving for the Crimea the other day, a French sergeant said to his brother—‘I shall die out there or come back something—*quelque chose*.’

The French punishments are inflicted with great precautions. A French officer has assured us, he has known a colonel of a regiment spend four days in investigating the justice or injustice of a punishment which confined a soldier to his barracks for four days. ‘We wish that no man should feel himself unjustly punished. Our soldiers are apt, if they feel aggrieved, to take their muskets and fire a shot at the officer who has injured them. This has happened, and we wish to avoid it.’ Disgrace before the regiment is a very serious French punishment, and consists in parading a man before his comrades, and solemnly stripping him of his epaulettes, and every other symbol of his military character. Though less brutal, it seems similar to the English punishment of ‘drumming out.’ French soldiers are often shot, but never flogged. While resident in Paris near a barracks—and nobody there can be far from one—we came to know quite well the reports of a military execution. The half-dozen bullet shots which were heard together, and then two or three after each other which finished the victim. The old soldier who hears it shivers in every joint, and then explains to whoever will listen to him why there is no mistaking it, and what the difference is between the reports with and without bullets.

A feeling of loathing shall prevent our saying much on the subject of flogging in the British army. When speaking of it with Frenchmen, civilians, officers, or privates, an Englishman has nothing for it but to hold down his head under their looks

of scorn at British barbarity, and blush for his country. The flogging of a single Frenchman, we have been solemnly assured, would cause a revolt in every regiment in the French service. However, the French themselves flog the Arabs with canes. The British soldier is flogged on the back, where the punishment produces disastrous or fatal consequences on the nervous and respiratory or vital systems. The French are more merciful to the Arabs. They flog them where children are flogged; and fatal consequences are scarcely possible. A case like that of White, who was flogged and died of the secondary consequences, could not have occurred, we believe, among the Arabs under French rule.

In the House of Lords and Commons, it is taken for granted that the conscription sweeps into the French army men of superior education to the soldiers brought into the British army by enlistment. No doubt favouritism and purchase keep many well educated youths out of the British army, as they know they can do better for themselves in other professions. But the system of substitution or *remplacement*, in fact, confines the conscription to the poorer classes in France; and the poverty which cannot provide a substitute for a son is the very poverty which cannot afford to give him a superior education. We shall feel painfully surprised if the statistics of education in the British army does not present a picture superior to the one drawn by the Minister of War of the educational condition of the French army. On the 1st January, 1851, the army actually under the flag consisted of 364,765 men, of whom 40,090 could read only, and 102,551 could neither read nor write. Cutting off the officers, and considering only the non-commissioned officers, corporals, and privates, the army consisted of 242,102 men, of whom, in round numbers, 100,000 could read and write, and 142,000 could read only, or neither read nor write.

Sophistry is often very droll in the forms it assumes, and there are people who express their anxiety lest what they call raising the British soldier should lower the British officer, as if a regard to merit could make anything less meritorious. The object is to raise not the soldiers but the officers, who do not stand high in the public opinion of the world in any respect, their grand airs and gross ignorance having made them a byword in Europe and America. French officers always speak of British soldiers with grave admiration, and of British officers with laughter. 'If we had had your men,' said one of the officers of Napoleon, 'we would have conquered the world.'

Purchase may give a man a commission, but it cannot give him confidence in the knowledge and discharge of his duties. British officers have a well-founded distrust of themselves. The

present system does not train them gradually to support the burden of responsibility. They are intrusted with nothing until they are general officers, and then without ever having exercised their judgment, discretion, or firmness, a responsibility is thrown upon them suddenly much heavier than they can bear. English officers are generally deficient in confidence in their own strategy. They believe themselves inferior to the French officers in tactics. The public opinion indeed of the world is that the French officers are immensely superior to the British in the knowledge of the arts and sciences applicable to the military profession. We have often thought it a curious thing that William Pitt and Arthur Wesley, the men who in the cabinet and field, by detecting their schemes and out-generaling their tactics, defeated the French, had themselves both been educated in France. Pitt and Talleyrand were comrades when boys; and Wesley, afterwards called Wellesley, was educated at the military college at Nantes. His superiority over his rivals lay exactly in the effects of this education, and at Vimeira, for example, enabled him to win a battle which Sir Harry Burrard, who supplanted him in the command, could not improve, just because the one general knew French tactics, and the other was afraid of them.

Prior to obtaining a commission in the French army a student must be a bachelor of science, and read Latin and Greek, and a modern language. The programs, indeed, if rigidly applied, would admit none but 'Admirable Crichtons.'

The French, probably, combine very well the proportions of practical and theoretical acquirements necessary in officers, by giving two commissions to subalterns, for every one to a student of St. Cyr. They seem also to apply the principle of seniority better than we do either in the British or in the Indian army. Promotion goes by seniority up to the rank of general officer, major, or *chef-de-bataillon*. But there it stops. We allow seniority to encumber the highest grades with old officers, and accord it most play where merit is most important. Seniority reigning from the corporal to the major, by giving effect to the good opinion of a commanding officer, and the promise which a lad gives who passes his examination cleverly, affords the promising student and meritorious subaltern opportunities of acquiring a reputation, and performing services entitling them to the honours and responsibilities of general officers. But the British system crushes merit under a triple load of money, interest, and senility.

A more curious sophism was never invented by meanness than the pretext that promotion by merit might fill the army with ignorant officers. Why, the word merit in this case means the *knowledge* of military duties. Mr. Sidney Herbert's ungentle-

manly sneer, about sergeants whose wives turn a penny by washing, accords in ignorance with his administration of the secretaryship at war. But we submit right honourable and noble officials ought from personal prudence to avoid setting the fashion of irrelevant allusions to what men's wives may have done, and feel very thankful if their wives have never done anything worse than wash.

Every day sees the military profession becoming more and more scientific. Electricity, photography, chemistry, mineralogy, meteorology, physiology, physics, mechanics, hydraulics, logarithms, geometry, geography, geology, zoology, and the sciences of man and society have each and all applications to the military arts. What a vast range of historical knowledge is implied in an acquaintance with the military historians from Polybius and Cæsar downwards to Jomini and Gurwood! A competent general officer must be every inch as intelligent a man as a competent physician or judge. Fair play to military merit is just what it is in regard to merit in science, law, medicine, or letters—justice to perseverance, intelligence, and genius.

While we have been writing, the discussions in Parliament, and the evidence before Mr. Roebuck's committee, have been proving that the accounts we have abridged from the newspapers, of the mismanagement of the war, generally accused of exaggeration, have been under the truth. The ships in the harbour at Balaklava, instead of lengthwise, were arranged crosswise, in the way to be most obstructive to each other. The eleven vessels lost, out of sixteen before Balaklava, would have escaped all danger if Captain Christie had not refused repeatedly to allow them either to enter the harbour or to put out to sea. Mr. Filder, the Commissary-General, declined consulting with Sir De Lacy Evans respecting the wants of his Division, and paid no attention to suggestions or remonstrances made to him. Many of the tents and tools were old and bad, having been used in the Peninsula. Dr. Hall did not see that there was a proper supply of medicines. Mr. Dundas, M.P., saw the sick covered with vermin, lying on the bare deck of the 'Timor,' wrapped in one or two blankets, and with their knapsacks for pillows. The men in the camp were fourteen days without tents, and in the tents they lay in one or two blankets, on hay or straw, and not always absolutely upon the bare ground. The Duke of Cambridge was obliged to shoot twenty-four ammunition ponies in one morning for want of forage. While there was charcoal in abundance on board the transports, the men had only oak scrubs for fuel, &c. &c.

The evidence before the public proves the ignorance of the Cabinet minister *cliques* to be the chief source of our disasters and humiliations. One and all were ignorant of their business.

Every witness proves that the army was overworked. At Inkerman we had 8000 men to meet 60,000; and the heroism of the soldiers is the shame of the Ministers. In the trenches we had perhaps 5000 men to do the work of 50,000. The bills for the enrolment and mobilization of the militia, the training of a foreign legion, and the increase of the army, ought to have been brought into the House of Commons all together, at the commencement of the war, and passed quickly. Our soldiers would not then have been exposed to unfair odds, and their numbers would have been proportioned to their tasks. But the Parliamentary measures were introduced in dilatory dribblets and crude shapes, and too late, by Lord John Russell, who had his lectures at mechanics' institutes to think of, and by Lord Palmerston, who cannot let an Admiral Napier or a General Vivian depart for the wars without making speeches, celebrating victories before they are won.

But the British people worship money and interest, and quarrel with the consequences of their own idolatries, forgetful of the words—'As ye sow, so shall ye also reap.'

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1. *Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and other Papers*. By Washington Irving. Fcap. pp. 351. 3s. 6d.
2. *Wanderings in Corsica; its History and its Heroes*. Translated from the German of Ferdinand Gregorovius by Alexander Muir. Two Volumes. Fcap. pp. 326, 391. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.

THESE volumes belong to 'Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature,' and cannot fail to be extensively popular. They have a distinctive character, which, in each case, presents strong points of

interest. The former of the two, proceeding from a well-known author, will be promptly and heartily welcomed. The pleasurable associations connected with the 'Sketch Book' of Geoffrey Crayon will insure a cordial greeting to 'Wolfert's Roost.' The volume partakes of the same characteristics as its predecessor, and is one of the most pleasing, accomplished, and intelligent companions, that can be desired. The chaste style and quiet humor of Washington Irving are perfectly refreshing in these days of turgid authorship, when many writers mistake what is inverted and obscure for indications of profundity and genius. We infinitely prefer a page of this volume to whole sheets of the obscure and inflated writing with which many have supplied us. The volume consists of a variety of papers, amongst which, of course, there are different degrees of merit. Some are more and others less pleasing; but from the first, which describes the fortunes of a 'little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable-ends, and as full of angles as an old cocked hat,' unto the last, an inexhaustible fund of entertainment is supplied without any of the pernicious influences to which some forms of fiction are liable. So great has been our pleasure in the perusal of this volume that we should gladly notice it at considerable length if other claims permitted. As it is, we can only commend it very cordially to our readers, and advise their selecting the *Author's edition* from the competitors with which an imperfect copyright law will speedily inundate the market. Messrs. Constable's edition is at once neat and low-priced, and the interest which Mr. Irving has in it ought to secure general preference.*

The other work which we have named, 'Wanderings in Corsica,' is one of the most agreeable and informing publications of the day. The history of Corsica is first given, in a rapid sketch of its fortunes under the Greeks, Etruscans, Carthaginians, and Romans. Its mediæval history is then traced, and the various enterprises which were undertaken against the rule of the Genoese are described with a bold and rapid pen. The work must not be confounded with the 'Guide Books,' which are now so common; it is much more than these. Gregorovius is an accomplished and pleasant traveller, well informed on the matters about which he writes, carrying with him the confidence as well as the good-will of his readers. The physical features of the country, the products of its soil, its mineral wealth, the traditions, customs, laws, and spirit of the people, are sketched with a masterly hand, so as to rivet attention, whilst knowledge is largely communicated. The history of Corsica has at many periods impinged on that of Continental Europe. One instance of this will instantly occur, and great interest attaches to this work from the light it throws on the family and boyhood of Napoleon Buonaparte. The character and social position of his father Carlo, and of his handsome mother Letitia, Buonaparte, are portrayed in a manner which meets the legitimate curiosity of the

* Since the foregoing has been in type we learn that the Messrs. Constable have published a *Shilling* edition of 'Wolfert's Roost.' It is printed in a very neat and clear type, and merits, what it can scarcely fail to secure, the preference of every purchaser.

reader; whilst the romantic career of Theodore, the brief king of the island, are delineated in a style which, if adapted to repress admiration, extends the domain of veritable history.

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1. *Poetical Works of James Thomson.* Edited by Robert Bell. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 252. 2s. 6d.
 2. *Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* Edited by Robert Bell. Vol. III. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 248. 2s. 6d. London: John W. Parker & Son.

THE former of these volumes introduces an author who needs no recommendation to our readers. We have recently noticed another edition of his poetical works, edited by Mr. Gilfillan; and as we purpose, ere long, entering at some length into the critical examination of his writings, we shall content ourselves at present with reporting the appearance of Mr. Bell's edition. The editor's *Introduction* to the present volume is biographical, and to the 'Seasons' will be prefixed a critical notice of his works. The whole of his poems hitherto collected are republished by Mr. Bell, to which two additions are made, 'one,' he tells us, 'satisfactorily authenticated, and the other ascribed to Thomson on conjectural grounds.' The lovers of English poetry may well congratulate themselves on the rich supply now furnished them.

The other volume named is the third of Mr. Bell's edition of the poetical works of the father of English verse, and is illustrated, like its predecessors, with appropriate *Introductions* and *Notes*. When the magnitude of his undertaking and the rapidly recurring periods of publication are regarded, Mr. Bell is entitled to very high praise for the scholarlike style in which his work is executed.

A Memoir of Anna Maria Clarke, wife of the Rev. Thomas Clarke, B.A. By her Son, the Rev. Thomas Gray Clarke, M.A. pp. 482. London: Harry Wooldridge. 1853.—The record of a life in which there was little of outward incident, but much of spiritual excellence. Mrs. Clarke, who died twenty-seven years ago, was a clergyman's wife of the thoroughly 'evangelical' school, and adorned her faith by her virtues and labours in the sphere assigned her. Her memoir is calculated to do good in some quarters, but we regret that the book is so large; what is really worth printing might have been condensed into half the compass.

Truth's Conflicts and Truth's Triumphs; or, the Seven-headed Serpent Slain. A Series of Essays, with an Allegorical Introduction on some of the Chief Errors of the Day. By

Stephen Jenner, M.A., late Curate of Camden Church, Camberwell. pp. 351. London: Longman & Co. 1854.—We have read much of this book with sincere pleasure. Mr. Jenner is evidently a man of refined, reflective, and cultivated mind. The title-page conveys no just idea of the contents or character of the work, which consists of two imaginary Discourses, 'types' of Tractarian and Evangelical teaching, and seven essays on the Subtlety of Error, the Ideal of the Church, Sacramental Efficacy, Symbolism, the True Cross, the Power of Faith, and the Force of Controversy. The principles maintained are, in our view, generally sound; the tone and temper are healthy; and the arguments are conducted with calmness and strength. It is a book for many, and especially for those of educated minds who are seeking light on the Subjects discussed.

The Great Journey: a Pilgrimage through the Valley of Tears to Mount Zion, the City of the Living God. By the Author of 'The Faithful Promiser,' &c. pp. 134. Third Edition. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie. 1854.—'The author feels there is every apology needed for venturing to commit to the press another of the many faint echoes of 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' He has been induced to do so from experience of the power which allegory possesses of interesting and instructing youth. This little volume, indeed, dates its origin, and much of its present form, in 'preparations for an advanced Sabbath class, where the allegorical method had proved pleasing and profitable.' We need add nothing to this. The book is an 'echo,' and a 'faint' one. We not only confess to a decided preference for the 'voice,' but to an inability to see any need of echoes at all. But to those who differ from us we commend this little book for its object, as one of the best of the somewhat large class to which it belongs.

Our Friends in Heaven; or, the Mutual Recognition of the Redeemed in Glory Demonstrated. By the Rev. J. M. Killen, M.A., Comber. pp. 272. Edinburgh: John Shepherd. 1854.—We have never been able to see the great importance of the doctrine here maintained, nor the strength of the evidence adduced in its support. Doubtless, the thought and hope of renewing and perpetuating in Heaven friendships begun on earth is pleasing and consolatory, and we should be sorry to say that it is inconsistent with revelation; but, at the same time, the manner in which the belief is often presented before us by its advocates savours not of the highest tone of spirituality, and most of the passages supposed to sustain it appear to us entirely irrelevant. We cannot describe Mr. Killen's work as any advance on former arguments and illustrations of the doctrine. It goes pretty much over the old ground, and in the old way. Those who wish to see what is generally said in its favour may consult him with advantage, but if we felt our need of conviction on the subject, we should

desiderate something of a stronger kind.

Scenes of the Bible; or, Scripture Sketches. By Rev. Wm. Clarkson (late Missionary to India), author of 'India and the Gospel,' &c. pp. 196. London: John Snow. 1854.—These 'Scenes' are from the New Testament—'The Preaching of John the Baptist'—'John the Baptist's Testimony to Jesus'—'The Night of Prayer on the Mount'—'The Healing of the Sick, and the Sermon on the Mount'—'Jesus receiving Little Children'—'Jesus' last Entry into Jerusalem'—'The Eve of Jesus' Betrayal.' In connexion with these topics the author presents, in a calm and serious manner, much important truth and practical admonition.

The Public Pearl; or, Education the People's Right and a Nation's Glory, &c. &c. Dedicated, by permission, to Lady John Russell. By Celatus. pp. 326. London: Houlston & Stoneman. 1854.—To this book the following advertisement is prefixed—'Please to read the Dedictory Epistle. The Proem in Poem. The Preface. For in such prefixes there are often some choice sayings and sentiments expressed and embodied.' As a specimen of these 'sayings' and 'sentiments,' we will give the first few lines of the 'Preface,' which also contains the author's own estimate of his work, and furnishes a pretty correct sample of his general style—'The sentiments expressed in the ensuing pages we cordially submit, with due deference, to the public. And would say, with reference to them, that while they are logical, they are loyal; while they are in type, they are genuine; while they are undisguised, they are disinterested; while they are real, they are cordial; while they are temporal, they are Scriptural; and while they are respectful to all, they are firm to the point,' &c. &c. We need add no more.

Little Plays for Little Actors. 1. *Puss in Boots; or, Charity Rewarded.* 2. *The Little Play of Mother Goose.* By Miss Corner. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. London: Dean & Son.—

These small volumes are not to our mind. We should be very sorry to see the pleasantries of childhood giving place to the amusements here furnished. There is not, however, much fear of this. The trouble and expense involved, to say nothing of higher objections in decking out our children in the attire of the stage, and in duly qualifying them to perform their parts, will effectually preclude the success of Miss Corner's effort. Certainly we shall not regret her failure.

Daniel De Foe and Charles Churchill. By John Forster. 2s. London: Longman & Co.—Two numbers of 'The Traveller's Library,' consisting of articles reprinted, with additions, from the 'Edinburgh Review.' Mr. Forster is well known as the author of 'Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth' and 'Life of Goldsmith;' and the present volume is worthy of his reputation, and of the series to which it belongs. The separate publication of such papers is matter for congratulation, and we hope that the publishers will continue it. In the case of De Foe, especially, we rejoice in the separate publication of Mr. Forster's paper, as it is adapted to introduce to the wider knowledge of our people one of the best representatives of the mid-

dle class character. To the large body of our countrymen, De Foe is known only as the author of 'Robinson Crusoe;' but he was in reality one of the soundest, most enlightened, and most vigorous political writers of his day, whom wealth could not corrupt, nor power intimidate.

History of the War; or, a Record of the Events, Political and Military, between Turkey and Russia, and Russia and the Allied Powers of England and France; showing the Origin and Progress of the War to the End of the Year 1854. Fcap. Svo. pp. 334. 2s. London: Sampson Low & Co.—This small volume is designed to furnish, in a concise form, a record of the war in which we are engaged. It has been prepared from public documents and other authentic sources, and is illustrated with two maps of the Crimea. Considerable pains have evidently been taken in its preparation, and though inaccuracies on some minute points have probably been committed, the utmost care has been taken to render the narrative as correct as it is lucid. Those who are interested in the progress of the war will find the volume an invaluable book of reference.

Review of the Month.

JUST AS WE WERE GOING TO PRESS LAST MONTH THE SECESSION FROM LORD PALMERSTON'S CABINET of Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert was announced. We reported the fact, and expressed our fear that the Premier was not equal to the crisis which had arisen. The result has confirmed our apprehension. The vacancies created have been filled up from the ranks of the most exclusive Whiggism. Now we do not sympathize with the views of some of our contemporaries who assert the essential identity of Whigs and Tories. The record of history is opposed to this. Our complaint against the Whigs is, not that they are one with their Tory opponents, but that they have not kept pace with the popular mind. It is ungrateful to charge them with being recreant to their principles.

They may not follow out those principles to what we deem their legitimate consequences, but up to a certain point, they have been, and continue to be, their faithful expounders. The Whig party has occupied a distinguished position in English history. Its palmy days, however, are past, and we should not be surprised if it fails readily to adapt itself to the altered condition of the country. Had its leaders been wise they would have welcomed admissions from the middle classes,—the growing strength and intelligence of which have reduced the comparative importance of aristocratic aid. This, however, the Whigs refuse to do, and in so resolving they have lost their strength, and rendered their ultimate failure inevitable. The great blunder committed by Lord Palmerston is the attempt to bolster up a sinking party. No person has the slightest faith in the stability of his Cabinet. We are no enemies to an aristocracy. It is the growth of centuries, and could not be uprooted without many of our noblest institutions being endangered; but we do protest against the principle on which Lord Palmerston has constructed his ministry. We want an Administration of a broader basis. There must be an introduction of new men into official life, not, be it remembered, of the younger aspirants of the same party, but men drawn from middle class life, who shall carry into our public offices the sagacity and diligence which have crowned their private enterprises with success. Lord Palmerston has not acted on this principle, and his premiership therefore cannot be enduring. What may be the changes before us we know not, but of one thing we are certain; the middle classes of the country are too intelligent and influential to be excluded much longer from a fair share in its government.

THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD ON THE 28TH FEBRUARY MOVED THE SECOND READING OF THE EPISCOPAL AND CAPITULAR ESTATES BILL. This is the third occasion on which his lordship has appeared as an ecclesiastical reformer, and whilst we do full justice to the purity of his motives, and to the diligence with which he has informed himself of the facts of his case, we are compelled to dissent from many of his views, and to differ *in toto* from the conclusion at which he has arrived. His measure has already been twice submitted to the Legislature. On the first occasion leave was obtained to introduce it, and on the next the principle of the bill was sanctioned by a second reading. We need not say what terrible exposures of episcopal misdoings were made by his lordship. They have sunk deeply into the public mind, and constitute one of the many elements which are now weaning the English people from their misplaced confidence in the episcopal establishment of these realms. On the present occasion his lordship was met by a twofold opposition. The lessees of church estates and of capitular bodies, represented by Mr. H. C. Liddell, M.P. for Northumberland, and Mr. Mowbray, M.P. for Durham, were arrayed, though on very different grounds, with anti-state churchmen, but their votes were neutralized by the aid which Government rendered to the noble lord.

Mr. Hadfield delivered, in opposition to the measure, a speech which Mr. Spooner characterized as 'the most revolutionary that had ever been uttered.' We are prepared for many strange and startling things

from the lips of churchmen, yet we confess that, in our simplicity, we had imagined the time was past for such foolish statements as this. The class interests and narrow sectarian views of the clergy may prompt such language, but no senator we hoped could be found to assert, as Mr. Spooner did, that 'the property of the Church as much belonged to the Church as the private property of any individual in that house belonged to him.' Mr. T. Duncombe assured the honorable member for North Warwick, that if Mr. Hadfield's speech was revolutionary, the people at large were in the state deprecated, since the great body of them agreed in the opinions expressed. 'Church property,' he added, 'was public property, and the only way to reconcile the people to this bill would be to introduce a clause enacting that church property should pay the repairs of the church.' Mr. Pellatt, Mr. Heyworth, and Mr. Miall, followed on the same side. 'I claim the better distribution of its revenues,' said the last-named gentleman, not 'for dissenters, but for the nation at large, and I will not consent, by any vote of mine, to recognise this property as the property of the religious sect happening, at the present moment, to be in association with the State. The property is national, and should be employed for national objects.' The House first divided on the question of adjournment, and the second reading was subsequently carried by a majority of thirty-six, the numbers being 102 for, and 66 against it. The bill was ordered to be committed on the 3rd of May. We do not anticipate that it will make much further progress, nor does it deserve to do so. The bishops and dignitaries of the Church of England, to whom it is proposed to hand over the administration of immense revenues, have already been convicted of a gross breach of trust. Their malappropriation of what is termed 'Church property' is notorious; and it is contrary to common sense to intrust convicted criminals with the correction of abuses on which they have lived.

THE SUBJECT OF ARMY CHAPLAINS has been frequently referred to. We need not advert to their general character, or the anomalous position they occupy. A slight acquaintance with the subject will satisfy any man that they accomplish very little religious benefit, and, with rare exceptions, are regarded with any feeling rather than one of respect and confidence. Many of our readers will be startled to learn the scale of their remuneration. Some of them are Protestants and others are Catholics, and the former are subdivided into Presbyterians and Episcopalians. We say nothing against this. If it be right to supply Presbyterian and Episcopal soldiers—one smiles at the designation—with chaplains of their own persuasion, it is equally right to do so in the case of Roman Catholics. Yet we confess that there is something in the inequality of payment, reported by Mr. F. Peel, which jars on our sense of propriety. In reply to Col. Greville, Mr. Peel informed the House, on the 2nd, 'that the Presbyterian and Church of England clergymen were paid at the rate of 16s. a-day, with rations and allowances, and some received £100 a-year, in addition to £100 a-year from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The Roman-catholic clergymen were all paid at the rate of £150 a-year, in addition to rations and allowances. The difference in amount was

owing to the different scale of living to which the various clergymen had been accustomed.' We are not surprised at the laughter with which this statement is reported to have been received. It is one of the anomalies of our ecclesiastical legislation, which must ultimately give way to the searching inquiry now demanded.

ON THE 13TH MR. HEYWOOD MOVED FOR LEAVE TO BRING IN A BILL TO AMEND THE LAW OF MARRIAGE with a deceased wife's sister, or a deceased wife's niece. This subject has been repeatedly before the House, and it is mortifying to our pride, and singularly illustrative of the tenacity with which legislative errors are retained, that senators are yet found to oppose an amendment against which no valid, much less any Scriptural, argument is adduced. Our opinion on the point has been often and clearly expressed. Prior to 1835, marriage with a deceased wife's sister was simply *voidable*. If not contested, it was valid; but it might at any time during the life of the parties be disputed, and if it were, the most serious consequences resulted. In that year, however, to meet the desire, we believe of the Duke of Beaufort, an alteration was made in the state of the law. All *future* marriages of the kind were declared illegal, whilst *past* marriages were recognised, and their issue pronounced legitimate. To say nothing of the monstrous iniquity of making our legislation subservient to the views of an individual, whether peer or commoner, it is quite clear that this act repudiates the ground on which former combatants stood, and is itself exposed to a charge of the grossest inconsistency. Either such marriages are morally wrong, in which case neither the past nor the future should be recognised; or they are free from censure, in which case the future should be protected equally with the past. Social feeling is against the law as it now stands, and this, be it remembered, not in the case of the unreflecting and immoral, but of the most staid, sound-hearted, and intelligent portion of the community. Twelve thousand such marriages have taken place since 1835, and in no case has loss of caste resulted. Large numbers, including both clergy and laity, have petitioned parliament to amend the law, and great expense and much inconvenience are now constantly submitted to, in order to evade it.

Sir Frederick Thesiger, as on former occasions, led the opposition to Mr. Heywood's motion. There was nothing novel in his argument, nor was this to be expected. The law was to be preserved intact, whilst the high ground formerly maintained was clearly abandoned. So long as Scriptural prohibition was urged, we could understand the views of opponents, however much we regretted their perversity. But in the absence of such plea we cannot comprehend their policy, and are compelled to refer it to that darkened state of the intellect which engenders perverse and obstinate prejudice. We are glad to observe that Mr. Spooner separated himself from his political associates on this occasion, and that Lord Palmerston spoke and voted on behalf of the motion. 'I do not think,' said the Premier, 'that this is a question of the law of God. I think Parliament settled that question by the act of 1835, for it could never be supposed that Parliament would have legalized the marriages, which, up to that period, had taken place, if it had been of opinion that there was such a fundamental objection to

those marriages. This appears to me to be a case in which we can apply, "Nil prosunt leges sine moribus,"—that is, laws are of no avail unless the moral feeling of the community is in unison with them.' Mr. Heywood's motion was ultimately carried by 87 to 53, and the bill was consequently brought in. From the smallness of the majority we fear that the measure will not make much progress this session. Its ultimate triumph, however, cannot be defeated. So gratuitous and uncalled-for a restriction cannot be permanently retained on our statute book, and the sooner it is erased the better. Based on ecclesiastical usurpation it must give way as the community becomes more enlightened on questions of morality and religion.

IN PURSUANCE OF A NOTICE GIVEN ON THE 28TH FEBRUARY, MR. HEYWOOD, ON THE 8TH, MOVED for a select committee 'to inquire into the best means of affording to the nation a full and equal participation in all the advantages, which are not necessarily of an ecclesiastical or spiritual character, in the public schools and universities of England and Ireland, and of improving the educational system in those great seats of learning, with a view to enlarge their course of instruction in conformity with the requirements of the public service.' His speech in submitting this motion was very brief, as was that of Mr. Ewart in seconding it. The house was well attended, and an animated discussion was looked for. Little doubt was apparently entertained of success. The motion was regarded as a natural sequence of the measure of last session, but, strange to say, Lord Palmerston interposed an objection in a speech eminently characteristic. Large professions were combined with little doings. 'It was impossible,' said his lordship, 'to estimate too highly the importance of sweeping away, wherever it could with propriety be done, all restrictions and distinctions with regard to the diffusion of knowledge founded upon difference of religious opinion. . . . With regard to schools, there was no denying that the system which had prevailed for a great length of time in some of them was capable of very great improvement.'

Brave words these, and coming from the lips of the Prime Minister they will not be inoperative. They may have been uttered with a sinister design; but they will not be forgotten. 'As bread cast upon the waters, they will be seen after many days.' A bill for the reformation of the Oxford University having been passed, and a similar one for Cambridge being in preparation, Lord Palmerston counselled Mr. Heywood to withdraw his motion; and as the strength of Government was to be arrayed against him, his lordship's advice was followed. This was, probably, wise. Had we been in Mr. Heywood's position we should have felt some doubt as to the course to be pursued. As a general rule, we would not have our friends shrink from a division through fear of defeat. Much is gained by making known to the country who are the friends and who the opponents of such measures. It is well that Englishmen should learn to distinguish between speeches and votes. Many are deluded by the cheap liberalism of the former to lend themselves to men whose votes have either been withheld from, or been recorded against, all liberal measures. To vote for such measures when adopted by the govern-

ment of the day, or when forced to a successful issue by the strength of popular opinion, is no proof of genuine liberality. At the same time, large discretion must be given to our friends in these matters. They know best all the circumstances of the case, and may, therefore, fairly be deemed better judges than ourselves of the propriety of calling for a division. In the case of our Universities we maintain, with the Oxford Commissioners, that they are 'national property,' and therefore we ask that the advantages they proffer should be thrown open to all classes, without restriction on account of religious opinions.

WE HAVE HAD FREQUENT OCCASION TO EXPRESS OUR ADMIRATION OF THE MANNER IN WHICH HER MAJESTY meets the requirements of her exalted position. She fully appreciates the loyalty of her subjects, and they, in return, are attached to her Throne with a devotion which money could not purchase and which despotism never secures. The fealty of her subjects is known throughout the globe. If there be one feeling amongst Englishmen stronger than another, it is that of attachment to her person and rule. The man who should utter a disrespectful or disloyal word in the hearing of any of her people would speedily be admonished of his folly and guilt. The gallantry due to her sex is combined with the noblest chivalry of which our nature is capable. It is a happy circumstance for England, that our Throne is occupied at such a time as the present by a sovereign who so happily blends, the virtues of private life with the nicest appreciation of her constitutional position. Her Majesty understands the people over whom she rules, and the genuine nobility of her character is shown in the readiness with which she evinces her sympathy with their various interests. It is impossible to read the communications she has addressed to our soldiers in the East, or the description furnished of the visit made to her palace by some of them who have returned home wounded, without feeling that we ought to be grateful to Almighty God for having placed over us a ruler whom all may admire and love. This feeling has been deepened by her Majesty's visit on the 3rd to the hospitals at Chatham. It is impossible to estimate the feelings of the wounded men to whom kind inquiries were personally addressed by their Queen, or to anticipate all the good consequences which must flow from the royal visit. Her Majesty was accompanied by Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred. Everybody will respect the motives of such a visit, and the sovereigns of Europe will be wise to imitate the illustrious example. The English public will not 'be indifferent to acts of this kind, which, for a moment at least, shed the lustre of royal favor over the obscure valor of the ranks and help to make the humblest private feel himself distinguished.'

Whatever inferior officials may do, her Majesty has thus shown her sympathy with the British soldier, and her solicitude to alleviate the sufferings to which he has been so cruelly subjected.

LAST MONTH WE REPORTED THE INTRODUCTION BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL OF A MEASURE FOR THE PROMOTION OF GENERAL EDUCATION. In consequence of his lordship's absence from England his bill has been deferred until after Easter. The subject, however, has not

been permitted to rest. On the 16th, Sir J. Pakington obtained leave to bring in a bill for its promotion, and his speech was of a higher order, and displayed a more intimate knowledge of the theme, than we gave him credit for. The honorable baronet took credit to himself for the bill introduced by Lord John Russell, as it was only two days previously to the 25th January for which his motion was fixed, that the noble lord announced his intention to bring in an Education Bill. Sir John Pakington distinctly affirmed that general dissatisfaction was felt with the constitution and working of the Committee of Council. 'We have risen,' he said, 'from the paltry grant of £10,000 or £20,000, twenty-two years ago, to the liberal sum of £300,000 per annum, and I agree with those who think that no body of men ought to be intrusted with the administration of so large a sum for public purposes without there being a responsible minister in this house who can account for the manner of its employment.' He contended that the education supplied to those who were designed to be masters in the government schools was unsuitable, and that a great majority of them betook themselves to other occupations as more remunerative. The administration of the school grants was also condemned as being made on a principle which excluded the poorer whilst it benefited the richer districts. The views of the honorable baronet were illustrated by a comparison of four *poor* parishes, Clerkenwell, St. Giles, Shoreditch, and Shadwell, having an aggregate population of 138,900, with four *rich* parishes, St. Michael, St. Barnabas, Kentish Town, and Kensington, with a population of 51,500. To the former, grants have been made to the extent of £12 0s. 8d. only, whilst to the latter, the grants have obtained the enormously disproportioned amount of £3908. So far the statements of Sir J. Pakington confirm the view we have always taken of the probable operation of the present system. From much which follows in his speech we dissent. A vast amount of ignorance undoubtedly still prevails, but the increase which has taken place since 1818, when the proportion of children at school was 1 in 17, to 1851, when the proportion was 1 in 8 and a fraction, encourages the belief that we are gaining on the fearful evil. Until lately it was the fashion amongst our State educationists to allege a vast deficiency in the *extent* of instruction, but now that this is shown to be in the course of correction, they fasten with special eagerness on an alleged deficiency of *quality*. We admit much of this, but we demur to the efficiency of the methods proposed for its correction. Instead of calling in the cumbersome, expensive, and hazardous, machinery of Government, we would follow up the measures so successfully adopted hitherto. The plan proposed by Sir John Pakington is substantially that of the *Manchester and Salford Schools*, with the addition of some features better suited to its assumed national character. Mr. Hadfield opposed the bill, maintaining that 'there could be no real success unless the voluntary system was adopted, and he believed that compulsory rates, so far from assisting education, would only retard progress, and damage existing institutions.' Lord Stanley supported the measure, affirming that the voluntary system had greatly declined in popularity, and was now supported by a very small minority. The Government gave their

'most cordial assent' to the introduction of the bill, the further consideration of which was adjourned till after Easter. Mr. Milner Gibson, on the part of the secular educationists, gave notice of a bill in conformity with their views. Three measures will thus be before the House and the country, and it becomes all who are interested in the subject to acquaint themselves with their principle and details. The present discussion has not altered our views. Earnestly desirous of promoting popular education, we verily believe that the plans now contending for public support will prove, in the long run, injurious to the intellect as well as to the religion of the community. We know no reason why the Government should prove a better schoolmaster than a trader. Its failure in the latter character is now clearly established; and if we invest it with the former, the bitterest disappointment awaits us. So far as it has been invested with the functions of an educator—Sir John Pakington being our witness—its failure is complete, and the farther we go in this direction, the more glaring and mischievous will be the results.

THE GAZETTE OF FEB. 27 CONTAINED A ROYAL PROCLAMATION APPOINTING THE 21ST OF MARCH as 'a Day of Solemn Fast, Humiliation, and Prayer.' This proclamation is worded according to the worst precedents of former times, and is open on this account to very serious objections. The phraseology adopted is based on the theory of the sovereign's supremacy in spiritual affairs, and is clearly unsuited to the state of things which now exists. 'We hereby *command*,' says her Majesty, 'that a public day of solemn fast, humiliation, and prayer be observed.' . . . 'And we do strictly *charge* and *command* that the said day be *reverently and devoutly observed* by all our loving subjects as they value the favor of Almighty God, and would avoid his wrath and indignation.' To such language we seriously demur. It involves the very assumption against which we protest, and if followed out to its legitimate consequences, must entail the civil establishment of religion. Had the proclamation been limited to the cessation of secular business, we should gladly have availed ourselves of the rest it afforded, for purposes of religious worship. But involving, as it manifestly does, an assumption of authority over conscience, we feel bound to protest against it, and in practice to maintain our protest. From a correspondence which took place last year between some dissenting ministers at Coventry and one of their representatives, it appears that the attention of the late Premier was called to the propriety of adapting the language of such proclamations to the altered state of public feeling. It is understood that the Earl of Aberdeen was favorable to the change; and we hope that before another document of the kind is issued, some modification will be effected. To base a proclamation, to which all are required to submit, on a principle which vast numbers are known to discard, is clearly subversive of the object proposed. We are no believers in *fasts*: but waiving this objection, it is clearly expedient, in so grave a conjuncture of our national affairs, to approach the Divine footstool with believing and earnest supplication. In order, however, that such approach should be of any worth, it must be the result of personal conviction. Secular authority may secure the forms of religion,

but its living earnest spirit must be the growth of inward and spiritual feeling. We are especially solicitous on this point, from our deep sympathy with the end professed.

ON THE 19TH THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER MOVED THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS as the foundation of a Bill for the Abolition of the Newspaper Stamp:—‘That it is expedient to amend the laws relating to the stamp duties on newspapers, and to provide for the transmission by post of printed periodical publications.

‘That any periodical publication, to be entitled to the privilege of transmission and re-transmission by the post, shall be printed on paper stamped for denoting the stamp duty imposed by law on a newspaper printed on the like number of sheets or pieces of paper, and of the like dimensions with respect to the superficies of the letterpress thereof.

‘That printed newspapers (British, colonial, or foreign) shall be transmitted by the post between places in the United Kingdom and her Majesty’s colonies or foreign countries, or between any ports or places beyond the sea (whether through the United Kingdom or not), either free of postage, or subject to such rates of postage, not exceeding twopence for each newspaper, irrespective of any charge for foreign postage, as the Commissioners of the Treasury, or her Majesty’s Postmaster-General, with their consent, shall from time to time think fit.’

We can do little more than report this fact, and congratulate the country on such a step having been taken. What may be the course of discussion we know not. One thing is certain, the stamp duty is doomed, and cannot be long maintained. The ‘Times’ is exceedingly wrathful, and predicts all kinds of evil. This is natural, and we smile at its vaticinations. On one point, however, we are anxious. In the interests of the public, and as a matter of common justice, we say that a copyright should be secured to newspapers as well as to authors. What its limits should be we have not space now to inquire, but the equity of the demand we unreservedly admit, and its concession is absolutely needful to the maintenance of the high character attained by our journals. The second reading of the Chancellor’s bill was carried on the 26th by 215 to 161.

Many of our readers will be gratified by the following statement of the stamps issued in 1854 to the London daily papers, and to other metropolitan journals, connected more or less directly with various religious bodies. It is derived from the parliamentary return of 27th February, 1855 :—

The Daily News	1,485,099	Church and State Gazette	30,000
The Globe	850,000	English Churchman	65,175
The Morning Advertiser	2,392,780	Guardian	207,500
The Morning Chronicle	873,500	Hebrew Observer	12,112
The Morning Herald	1,158,000	Inquirer	45,500
The Morning Post	832,500	Nonconformist	161,500
The Standard	417,000	Patriot	122,658
The Sun	825,000	Record	387,500
The Times	15,975,739	Watchman	160,000
Catholic Standard	78,250	Weekly News and Chronicle	55,750
Christian Times	64,042	Wesleyan Times	126,000

SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY, ON THE 20TH, SUBMITTED TO THE COMMONS THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTION:—‘That, in the opinion of this House, it would promote the moral and intellectual improvement of the working classes of this metropolis if the collections of natural history and of art, in the British Museum and the National Gallery, were open to the public inspection after morning service on Sundays.’

The debate which followed was in some respects one of the most interesting which has occurred this session; affording unmistakeable evidence of the feeling of the House towards a motion which Mr. Goulburn correctly described as ‘the first step towards an authorized desecration of the Sabbath.’ We have not space to dwell on the speech of Sir Joshua Walmsley, nor on the more singular effusion of his seconder, Mr. Biggs. It is enough to remark, that with much affectation of regard for the working classes, both mover and seconder betrayed gross ignorance of the primary elements of such welfare. ‘This was a question,’ said Mr. Kinnaird—and we fully concur in his statement—‘for the working men, and the result would be that they would have to give seven days’ labor for six days’ wages.’ On this point there can be no doubt, and we are glad, for the sake of the laboring classes, as well as for the furtherance of religious interests, that the motion has been submitted, since the immense majority by which it was rejected has inflicted a blow from which it cannot speedily recover. Say what men please, we owe much of our national superiority to the Puritan character of our Sundays; nor would it be possible if the National Gallery and British Museum were thrown open to the public, to keep other places of instruction and entertainment closed. There is a sickly sentimentalism in the declamation of many men on this subject. The public-house, the tea-garden, and the gin-palace, will not be deserted for the schools of science and art. Men may amuse themselves with such an imagination, but it is pure delusion, which the rough test of experience will soon dispel. Lord Stanley argued at considerable length on behalf of the motion. We deeply regret this. Some recent passages in his lordship’s parliamentary history had awakened better hopes. Of all the statements which our senators have ever made—and for some of them we want an appropriate designation—his lordship’s assertion that the exclusive appropriation of the Day of Rest to theological subjects ‘lay, infinitely more than the want of education, at the bottom of that ignorance which they all lamented,’ is one of the most unfounded and preposterous. The Premier opposed the motion, and Sir J. Walmsley seeing the feeling of the House, wished to withdraw it, but a division being called for, it was rejected by a majority of 187; the numbers being 48 for, and 235 against it. Whilst we regard this division with much satisfaction, we are concerned that our Sabbath legislation should be freed from the inconsistencies by which it is at present characterized. Let equal justice be done to all, to the rich and to the poor, to Cremorne Gardens and to the Sydenham Palace. Much as we are opposed to the views of our Anti-Sabbatarians, we honestly confess that it is impossible to meet the arguments they found on the inequalities of our legislation.

SIR WILLIAM CLAY HAS GIVEN NOTICE OF HIS INTENTION TO RE-INTRODUCE, ON THE 29TH, his bill of last session for the extinction

of church-rates. We shall not, of course, be able to report the result. The bill will probably be read a first time, and there are not wanting indications of its attaining an advanced stage, even should it not be permitted to pass the Legislature. Much will depend on the pressure employed, and we trust that the friends of religious liberty will be active and earnest in their efforts. Our readers will probably remember what took place last year. Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet was violently opposed to the measure, and did its utmost to thwart it. Lord Russell's speech in opposition will not be speedily forgotten. The monarchy was bound up with the church, and the latter was identified with the obnoxious impost against which no inconsiderable portion of the religious public plead conscientious objections. 'Every member of the Government,' said the 'Times,' 'was put in request, or rather laid under orders.' The bill, notwithstanding, was introduced by a majority of 67 (129 against 62), but the utmost force of Government being employed, the second reading was lost by a small majority of 27 (207 against 182.) We have now a different Premier; Lord John is at Vienna; opposition to church-rates is extending on every hand; and the position of the Ministry renders it more accessible to popular influence. Let the people be true to themselves, and we may get rid of an impost which offends religious principle, and is the fruitful source of local contention. 'Easter,' as the 'Patriot' of the 22nd well remarks, 'will afford a fine opportunity of bringing this matter home to the dullest apprehensions. If, in a single parish of broad England, the annual vestry-meeting (where annual vestry-meetings are held) pass over without a decided manifestation of anti-church-rate feeling, somebody will be greatly to blame. Only let that opportunity be well used, and Sir William Clay's bill is safe.'

WITH THE SUBJECT OF CHURCH-RATES THE NAME OF SAMUEL COURTAULD, ESQ. OF BRAINTREE IS IDENTIFIED. Few are aware of the service this gentleman has rendered in the celebrated Braintree case. To his determination and earnestness, his unwearied labors, his ever ready and generous contributions, we are mainly indebted for the decision ultimately obtained. It is not too much to say that, but for Mr. Courtauld, the suit would have been abandoned before its final adjudication in the Lords. Such being our estimate of his services, we are glad to find that a subscription has been opened 'for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Courtauld a piece of plate, as a testimonial of public gratitude.' If ever such testimonial was merited, it is so in the present case. We should insult our readers were we to use many words in enforcing the propriety of contribution. It is enough to report the fact, and all who are acquainted with the history of this celebrated case will be concerned to take part in the expression of public gratitude to Mr. Courtauld. Our only concern is, that the testimonial should be in some little degree befitting the occasion; and we trust, therefore, that our readers will lose no time in communicating with the Rev. David Rees, of Braintree, or Mr. J. C. Williams, of No. 2, Serjeant's-inn, London, the honorary secretaries.

WE HAVE LITTLE TO REPORT RESPECTING THE COURSE OF MILITARY OPERATIONS, nor are we disposed to dwell on them. The successful repulse of the Russians before Eupatoria has redeemed the

reputation of Turkish arms, and repeated on Russian ground, the gallantry displayed by the forces of Omer Pacha on the banks of the Danube. The successive defeats of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, had gone far to destroy the equanimity of the Czar, but the repulse of his troops by Turks on his own territory was more than he could bear. The intelligence of his death was received with incredulity throughout Europe. Men stood aghast, not believing what they heard, and when convinced of the truth of the report, their immediate inquiry was, What will be its effect? For this we wait. It were idle to predict where so little is known. His son and successor is reported to be pacific, but the fanaticism of the Russian people if thoroughly aroused may compel him to carry out the bellicose schemes of his father. The *manifesto* which he has issued does not determine the point. It may mean war, or it may mean peace. It is evidently framed to meet the day.

In the meantime the Conferences at Vienna have commenced. The first meeting was held on the 13th, when the plenipotentiaries of Turkey, France, England, Austria, and Russia were present. There was a vacant seat, we are informed, for a Prussian plenipotentiary, but King Frederic William could not make up his mind to send one. Men differ about the probable result of these conferences. We are far from sanguine, unless the Western powers relinquish their design against Sebastopol. Nor have we much more faith than formerly in the sincerity of Austria. As yet, she has the lion's share. Her troops are in possession of the Danubian principalities, whilst ours and those of France have been perishing in the Crimea. Nor is it a clear case that the death of Nicholas will render her course clearer and more straightforward. We are disposed to think the contrary. At all events, the obvious complexity of the interests involved, the terrible evils which have been suffered, and the fearful ones yet before us, counsel an earnest application to *Him* in whom are the hearts of all men. May the wisdom which cometh from above, be combined with that firmness of purpose and unselfishness of plan which are specially needed at this hour! Present relief must not be purchased at a future cost, whilst no impracticable or visionary scheme must indispose us to effect, at the earliest possible moment, a safe and honorable and lasting peace. We much fear that Russia is not yet prepared for what we deem essential to this.

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